THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHANTOMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oft, dear, in old-time books, we read
  How from their tombs the dead
Arise and wander through the night
  In phantom shapes of dread.

The dead who sleep in unblessed graves,
  The saints with faces fair,
Come back and haunt the world they knew
  With glory or despair;

For, though 'til that most solemn day
  The dust of man must sleep,
Some souls in love and some in fear
  Their nightly vigils keep.

When to the graves of those who mourn
  The priests their censers bear,
And sprinkle with their pious hands
  The holy water there,—

Praying forgiveness, for the sake
  Of Christ's and Mary's pain,—
The spirits of the wandering ones
  Return to rest again.

But up and down the glorious saints
  Upon God's errands go,
And rays of heaven's unfading light
  On their pale foreheads glow!

Are there not forms that take for us
  The shapes of living things,
And follow us with silent feet,
  Or rush of phantom wings?

Oh, touch of hands! oh, light of eyes!
  Oh, voices sweet and low!
Your memories up and down the land,
  On God's dear errands go!

But oh! the ghosts of doubt and sin
  That wait beside our way!
Before these phantom shapes of dread
  We clasp our hands and pray:

"Now, blessed Christ! upon our sins
  Drop tears of pardon sweet,
That they may rise and follow us
  No more with their dark feet!

"But let the hopes and loves that make
  Our darkened spirits bright,
Wear ever on their upraised brows
  The aureole of Thy light! RYMA.

CAPTAIN RALPH MONMOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

PART I.

One warm August evening a gay party was seated on the broad piazza of a fashionable, sea-side hotel. Through the open windows of the ball-room came out bright bars of light and the measured music of a sparkling waltz. Before the house, on the sandy beach, the great ocean rolled up its dark billows with a ceaseless roar, and over head the eternal stars shone down with all the soft beauty of a summer night.

The young people who formed this group had voted it too hot to dance, preferring quietly to enjoy the cool breeze that swept up from the sea, rather than to whirl about in the sultry parlor. There was still another reason which made them choose these pleasant seats. The centre of the party was one who could not at present indulge in any active exercise—a wounded soldier, the brave Captain Kirby, shot through the arm at Gettysburg. The lively girls and dashing young men all petted and admired him, for he had one of those lovely and delicate characters it is impossible not to like. This evening it had been no sacrifice to them to leave the ball, room and hang about his chair, listening eagerly to his stories of battle and campaign. He was the principle speaker for an hour or two, relating with an irresistible charm various adventures of his own or his comrades; the young friends all following his words with absorbed interest. When at last he paused and declared with a good-humored smile, that he was fairly "talked out," there was a general murmur of disappointment.

"Oh, do tell us just one more story," urged a a fair, young lady, who enjoyed the post of honor at the captain's right hand.

"Why, you must be tired to death of listening, Miss May. I am sure you will be very glad to have me stop chattering, that you may go off and dance."

"Oh, no!" replied May, indignantly, "I don't dance at all; I had far rather stay out here, if you will only think of something more to tell us."

This was echoed enthusiastically by all the rest of this party—and yielding at last to such earnest solicitation, the captain said, with a shade of sadness in his musical voice—

"I had one friend who fought with me at Gettysburg, whose story was stranger than any fiction that ever was written."

"Tell it to us, please tell it to us!" repeated half a dozen young voices; and the captain went on:

"I can do better than telling it. I can read it to you, if you would like to hear it. I have it in great measure, written out by his own hand. When I have finished the manuscript, I can complete the story by my own experience."

This was a most welcome proposal—it was received with a shout of delight. And by the time the servant returned, who had been sent after the MS., the original group of friends around the captain had received so many additions that the piazza was quite filled up by a large audience.

"Before I begin to read," said the captain, as he opened the papers, "I must tell you a little about my poor friend Ralph Monmouth, whose history I am about to relate. Last winter, during the dreary period of our encampment before Fredericksburg, my battery was stationed next a Pennsylvania regiment. Among its officers, who were of the usual rather motley set assembled in our volunteer organizations, Captain Monmouth at once attracted my attention. He was of a good old Pennsylvania family, and reported to be very wealthy. He had raised and equipped his own company; and, indeed, had contributed largely towards the recruiting of the entire regiment. Yet when it was at last formed, he steadily refused the rank of colonel, which was eagerly offered to him, and would accept no position higher than that of captain in his own company. This unusual modesty and the singular reserve of his manners, caused him to be the theme of much gossip and not a little wonder in our division. He was a capital officer, not lacking in firmness, though kind and considerate to his men; he was brave as a lion in battle, seeming, as his soldiers declared, absolutely to court death by the reckless way in which he lead his company in a charge or a storming party; yet he was gentle in his manners, reserved and sad in his demeanor, and wholly free from any of the vices of the camp. He was never heard to swear, or seen to take any stimulant except when utterly worn out by a long march, or chilled by some hard night duty. He shunned all the ordinary assemblies of the officers, treating them all politely, but discouraging any approach towards intimacy so persistently, that it might have made him very unpopular had there not been something in his mournful eyes, and the tone of his sweet, low voice, that seemed to disarm resentment. He even messed entirely alone, and never accepted an invitation to any gay, soldier supper; thus leading, in the midst of thousands of men, a life of almost entire seclusion. Now that I know all his story, my heart bleeds as I think how much he must have suffered in that cheerless isolation; and I sometimes dream if I could but have known his secret earlier, I might have made his life happy."

The captain paused for a moment with a suppressed sigh, then catching sight of all the eager faces around him, a faint blush crossed his brow, and he resumed his story somewhat hurriedly.

"Hearing all these things about Monmouth, made me extremely desirous to know him, and accident at length gave me the wished-for opportunity. My battery, together with his regiment, formed part of a reconnoissance, in fact, sent out one winter's afternoon down the Rappahannock. It so happened that my position in the march was very near that selected by his company, so that I at once discovered which was the reserved young millionaire. He was slight, and not very tall, with short, waving black hair, clear, dark eyes, and a face of most remarkable beauty, though his complexion like those of the rest of us, was deeply browned by sun and exposure. He was quick and graceful in his motions, and wearing no beard, looked younger by some years than his real age, which he afterwards told me was twenty-six. At the very first glance I was irresistibly attracted to him, and resolved, if possible, to form his acquaintance. In the course of that expedition, which was tedious and fruitless, I had some opportunity to begin our friendship. I was constantly near him, and I noticed that he seemed to feel a good deal the great fatigue we all had to undergo. Seeing this, I urged upon him the use of one of my horses on one or two occasions, where it was possible for me to do so. At first he seemed averse to accepting the offer, but at last, under my urgence, consented to receive the trifling kindness as frankly as it was offered. In this way we talked together a good deal. I found him exceedingly well educated, of course a thorough gentleman, (not by any means always true of our volunteer officers,) and possessed of a refinement and delicacy of feeling exceedingly pleasing.

"But I am dwelling too long on the preliminaries of my story,' said the captain. 'My subject is very interesting to me, but perhaps not so to you.' To hasten on, then, when we returned to our old camping grounds he evidently liked me, and although after that we were not exactly intimate, yet I saw a great deal of him. I knew that he regarded me with confidence, and I, on my part, was strongly attached to this friendless young man. From this time on, we were much together, our positions remaining near each other all winter, until the fatal battle of Chancellorsville. We were both in that awful massacre, but not near each other, and the cry of delight with which he greeted me when we met the next day, both of us unhurt, was my first indication that he reciprocated my attachment.

"From that day dated a close friendship. We were together whenever the position of our regiments permitted it, and when separated, as we afterwards were, during the manœuvring of the army at the time of Lee's invasion, we were mutually anxious until reunited at Harrisburg. It was there that we spent our last evening together. I was sitting a little way off from my bivouac fire, enjoying the magnificent moonlight of one of those splendid, quiet nights that preceded the battle of Gettysburg, when I saw a slight figure coming towards me across the ploughed field where we were encamped. I had been thinking of my friend, above and beyond even my reveries of bright-eyed maidens, the image of my comrade in arms had risen up before me. I had no idea, nor could I find out, where his regiment was, and in daily anticipation of a deadly engagement, as we were, my heart contracted at the thought that I might not see him again. You can imagine, then, with what joy I sprang up to greet him. He shook my hands with apparently equal delight, and we were soon seated side by side on the grass, pulling diligently at our cigars, for Monmouth was an inveterate smoker.

"We talked over our various adventures since we parted, and he told me how he had discovered accidentally that my battery was only about a mile from his camp, and obtaining a two hours' leave had come out to spend them with me.

"'I was so fearful I might not see you again,' he said. 'Kirby, you have been very kind to me in all our intercourse; you have treated me with a delicate consideration I can never forget; you have respected what you must have thought my absurd scruples, and I have grown to love you like a brother.' And the gallant captain's own voice trembled as he repeated these words of his friend's.

"Of course I answered him with assurances of my own regard; he seemed to hear me with pleasure, and when, at last, he rose to leave me, he placed this paper in my hands.

"'Kirby,' he said, 'you deserve my confidence. You, I believe, are really attached to me, it is due to you that I deceive you no longer. You must have seen that I am a sad and hopeless being. In this brief story of my life you will find what is the dark stain which blasts all possibility of my happiness. This was written not long after my discovery of the awful wrong that has made me the absurd anomaly that I am; if, therefore, you find anywhere in it an undue harshness of expression, remember how bitter my heart was at that time. I leave it with you that you may read it, and know what your friend really is. We shall have a terrible battle before long, and perhaps in it God will grant my long-time prayer, and bless me with that death that has thus far escaped me, though I have sought it where the carnage has been frightful and destruction almost inevitable. But whether I live or die, I had rather you knew all, even if it cost me your friendship.'

"I eagerly assured him that that would be impossible, and tried to say what I could to cheer his settled depression; it was all in vain. When he left me he seemed almost bewildered with sorrow, and there were tears in his eyes as he bade me good-by."

The captain paused for a moment and unrolled the papers, a lamp was moved to a table just within the window, and with its light falling on his fair, young face, and the ceaseless chime of the solemn ocean, murmuring a low accompaniment to his musical voice, he began to read:

"The Story of a Life Without Hope.

"I am called Ralph Monmouth. It is the name I received from my parents and my sponsors, and although I have no natural title to it, circumstances compel me to retain it. It is a name, which, if I could honestly consider mine, I might bear with pride, for it has belonged to an honorable race, and so far as I know has never been borne unworthily till now that I disgrace it. Yes! I do disgrace it, not from any fault of my own, it is true, though that is but a faint solace for my humiliation. But, hold! I am not writing for the indulgence of useless lamentations, but rather to state for my own satisfaction, and perchance one day for the perusal of some friendly eye the facts of my strange story.

"In order to a full comprehension of the temptations that led to the crime which has blasted my life, I must give a brief outline of the history of my family.

"My grandfather was the third Ralph Monmouth in the direct line who had inherited the fine old homestead and broad farms in Pennsylvania, situate at the foot of the mountains in the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna. His father died just before the breaking out of the Revolution, leaving the bulk of his property to the eldest son, after the old English custom. This son, although a mere lad, took the patriotic side in that great contest, after it was over, being permitted the undisputed possession of his large estates. He did not marry till quite late in life, and the fruits of this union were but two sons, Ralph and Charles. Now, although, as I have said, my grandfather sided the Republicans in the struggle for independence, he was none the less a rigid aristocrat in his views. The law of primogeniture was done away with by the new order of things; yet he believed it to be the great bulwark of protection to any family, and determined in his own case to transmit the bulk of his property to his eldest son. The two boys were educated alike until they had finished their college course. Then Ralph went home to live, while my father, Charles, studied law, and then began the practice of his profession in Philadelphia. My grandfather lived long enough to see him established in business and married to a young lady of the neighborhood, who was attractive in appearance and possessed of some small fortune. He would have been well pleased to have his elder son married also, but my uncle was difficult to suit, or not successful in his wooing, for he was still a bachelor when Ralph Monmouth, the elder, died, leaving the homestead and farms to his first born, and to Charles a handsome sum in stocks. This division of the property had been expected, and was not disputed, though my father always cherished a bitter sense of its injustice.

"My uncle said all he could to reconcile him to the arrangement, assuring him that he should never marry, and promising him that he would adopt his eldest son, place a large allowance at once in his hands for the education and maintenance of the child, and at his death leave this nephew the bulk of his property. My father was at first not very much consoled by these generous offers, considering it highly improbable that his handsome and wealthy brother would remain single, still he did not fail to inform him when there was the prospect of an addition to the family, anticipating with considerable satisfaction the idea that the birth of a son would fix his brother's handsome offers. My uncle received this announcement with every expression of pleasure, and at once began to make preparations for the coming event. He insisted that my mother should come to the homestead for her confinement, and he put himself to considerable expense and inconvenience to arrange everything for the comfort and honor of the expected heir. Unfortunately all these calculations were made in vain; the birth of a girl destroyed their hopes, and my parents returned to Philadelphia grievously disappointed.

"I have said that Charles regarded Ralph's large possessions with envy; I am sure that this unworthy feeling increased with time. I speak of my parents dispassionately, perhaps disrespectfully, but God knows the debt I owe them is very small. My father was not a man of much force of character, and he did not endeavor to combat his discontent. His success in business was but moderate, some unwise speculations had deprived him of most of his inherited property, and while reflecting on these misfortunes, he grew constantly more irritable and jealous. My mother was an amiable woman, but completely under her husband's control. After the birth of Mary, my eldest sister, my uncle continued his visits and promises, still hoping for the birth of an heir; but the years that passed brought only fresh disappointments. One after another six daughters were received with a cold welcome into my parents' household, until my father despaired of ever having a son, and my uncle almost giving up his hopes of a nephew to inherit his name and estates, began sometimes to talk of adopting George York, his young cousin, the son of his father's sister, and the nearest male relative after his brother. This thought was extremely unwelcome to my father; his means had dwindled away until the hope of the stewardship to his wealthy son had been his great dependence for the future, and the prospect that this might never be his, grew with each fresh disappointment more near but more intolerable. My uncle was always and unfailingly kind, often making up the deficiencies in my father's income, and finally inducing him to leave Philadelphia, and generously purchasing for him a very pretty place in an adjoining county to his own. He constantly assured his discontented brother that in any event his family should be provided for, and promised that he would not formally adopt George York till all possibility of the birth of a nephew was past.

"My youngest sister, Jessie, was three years old and my father's fair visions of guardianship during a long minority, and a home for his old age, with a dutiful son, in the home of his forefathers, seemed destined now to be realized. A morose jealousy had settled into an apparent acquiescence with the decrees of fate, that only concealed a thousand wild schemes for the obtaining what was impossible, when once more his hopes revived on the discovery that again his gentle wife had the prospect of adding another child to his family. This time he resolved not to be disappointed. My uncle was duly informed of the often repeated event, and in consequence of this possibility of an heir postponed once again all action with regard to George York. Yet strange to say, considering how many fates depended upon the momentous birth, the long looked-for boy, instead of being received with the state this weary waiting might have justified, arrived somewhat unexpectedly in a lonely farm-house, high up among the mountains where my parents happened to be travelling. There was no one with my mother at the time but Deborah, the faithful nurse, who had accompanied her from home; the place was cheerless and uncomfortable, but all was made light by my appearance in this world of struggle. The glorious news that at last Charles Monmouth had a son, was sent with all possible speed to my uncle, who received it with the liveliest pleasure. He insisted that the christening should take place at his house, and made great preparations in honor of the event. Accordingly, as soon as my mother was able to be removed, she and my father carried me to the homestead, where all sorts of rejoicings were made over my humble self, and before a brilliant assemblage of country friends, I received the name of Ralph Monmouth.

"My uncle wished very much to have me brought up in his own house and under his own eye; but this proposition my father violently opposed, taking me home with him, and from that moment superintending my education with the most jealous care. Indeed, the oppressive surveillance under which I was reared tinges my earliest recollections of my always restricted life.

"First among the jailors who at various times watched over me was my nurse, Deborah. She was a stern, middle-aged woman, scrupulously neat, but never given to that petting and caressing which children love so much. She was always with me, night and day, no matter where I went, she was by my side. When I was old enough to take care of myself, I used to try all sorts of subterfuges for evading her vigilance, and running off with other boys of my own age, but always in vain. I was very rarely permitted even to see those who were my natural companions. If any of the neighbor's sons came to visit me, I was only allowed to play with them a short time, with Deborah watching every word and motion. Even my intercourse with my sisters was very much restricted, so that I grew up, although surrounded by people, in a state of isolation worse than that of the enchanted maiden in the wondrous tower of the fairy tale.

"But under this watchful system neither my mind nor my body were neglected. I was taught by a very excellent governess, who also instructed my sisters, and very early displayed a fondness for study which has since been one of my greatest consolations. Physically I was given the very best training to obtain development and strength. I almost lived in the open air. I took violent gymnastic exercises, and having naturally a fine constitution, I was as sturdy and tough a child as you can often see.

"Yet from my earliest years my greatest consolation was found in books. At fourteen I had outgrown the governess, and as the education of Jessie, the youngest of my sisters, was complete, she was dismissed, and a tutor secured, who gave me his exclusive attention. This new guardian was a middle-aged man, named James Burt. He had bland, soft manners, and was a scholar of considerable attainments. But there was something about him that inspired me from the first with a vague distrust. Deborah's vigilance was now in a measure relaxed. She still continued to take charge of my wardrobe, and watch over my morning and evening toilette; but when Mr. Burt was with me, he was considered sufficient protection, and I was allowed to ride, walk, and study entirely alone with him.

"That there was some mystery about me, that my training was very exceptional, I had already discovered from the chance words of some of my few playmates, and vague remarks half overheard from my elders. That Mr. Burt knew what this mystery was, I was very certain, from his caution in answering my eager questions, and the entire confidence my father placed in him.

"Under my new instructor my studies progressed rapidly, but in the midst of the severe mental training I now received, my physical development was as anxiously attended to as ever. I had a pony for my own use, and I soon became so fond of riding that I would mount fearlessly the most vicious horse on the farm. All sorts of exercise in the open air were constantly advocated. I was accustomed to running and leaping till I was incapable of fatigue, and I practiced gymnastics until my hands were spread and strong, and the muscles of my arms stood out in knots.

"I have thus far said nothing of my personal knowledge of my uncle. But around his dear name centre all the pleasantest memories of my youth. He was very fond of me, and would have liked very much to have had me always with him, though forced by my father's persistence to control himself with two visits a year, he always consoled me and himself by the oft repeated promise—

"'Never mind, Ralph, when you get rid of your tutors you shall certainly live with me altogether.'

"To that period when I should have a happy home with him I looked forward as the hope of the future, and the anticipation of that ultimate liberty often enabled me to endure my present restraints with amiability.

"In the meantime my visits to his house were the brightest spots in my dreary life. There I was allowed somewhat more freedom than at home; there I could read and study just as my fancy suited me; there, above all, I was in the constant companionship of this kind old gentleman, who loved me, I knew, better than any one else on the earth. He was always more pleased to hear of my proficiency in some manly sport than any scholastic attainments, and did all in his power to encourage me in athletic exercises. He it was also who first instructed me in the use of fire arms when I was only twelve years old, presenting me with a light rifle cut down to suit my size; and it was at his house that I took my first lessons in fencing, and made

my first scientific attempts in the noble art of ... No wonder I loved with all the intensity of my heart my black-hearted and delinquent ...

"Thus I grew up, as innocent, as ignorant of the vices and sins of society as a little child. Entirely unconscious of even the most ordinary knowledge of the grosser passions of humanity, my reading, and even my studies having been carefully guarded to exclude from my mind the faintest suspicion of any of the temptations of the world. A certain specious theory of life and manners had been instilled into me by my tutor, which, to my unsophisticated mind, seemed to explain all the phenomena I saw around me, and accepting it as a matter of course, I cared not to inquire further into the mainsprings of that heart which thus far had never once stirred. The external purity of my character was perhaps increased by the fact that my only associate during childhood and youth had been my sister Jessie. All the rest of my father's unwelcome daughters had married early and quitted our home for distant homes. Jessie, at twenty, was the belle of the county, and thus far heart whole. In my entire exclusion from the companionship of lads of my own age, I had been naturally dependent upon her for my only young society, and although she looked down upon me a little, because I was three years her junior, still she was always kind and good to me, and I knew she loved me very dearly.

"And now, I believe, I have given a faithful sketch of my early life, and may go on to relate the romance that taught me at last to understand what was the strange mystery that had overshadowed my youth, and now blasted my life.

"It was late in September, and the time for my semi-annual visit to the homestead had come. The eagerness with which I always looked forward to these periods was on this occasion heightened by the fact that I was to meet there my cousin, George York, who had just graduated at Yale, with some distinction. It so happened that, I had never seen this young man, who but for me would have been my uncle's heir. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and lived with her in New York, so that as my travels had never been further than between the homestead and our farm, and he had been educated in New England schools, we had not met. In my circumscribed existence it was delightful to think of having a new companion, and for several days before that fixed for the journey of myself and my inevitable tutor, my thoughts were full of meeting this unknown cousin. I hoped he would like me, and wondered if he, too, would think my education strange and exceptional, and then once more I fell to speculating on the mystery that surrounded me, which had never ceased to be a source of puzzling conjecture. On the night before our departure for the homestead, an incident occurred which awakened all my curiosity on that forbidden subject.

"I had been ordered to bed rather earlier than usual, on the plea that I was likely to have a fatiguing day on the morrow, and went off up stairs in obedience to these hints, but not feeling in the least sleepy. Mr. Burt, as usual, accompanied me to the door of my room, and inside I found Deborah packing my trunk. I had taken off my coat and boots and dismissed her, when I remembered a book I had been reading that afternoon, in which I was interested, and thought I would amuse myself with it for a while. Thrusting my feet into a pair of slippers, I hastily descended the stairs and went towards the library, where I had left the volume. I almost had my hand in the door, which was ajar, when I was arrested by hearing my name in my father's voice.

"'Ralph is getting so old," he said. 'I tremble every day lest he guess the secret of his true position. I trust you will be very careful of him in this visit to my brother's; I dread it more than I can tell you.'

"'I shall endeavor to do my duty faithfully in all respects as heretofore,' replied Mr. Burt. 'I assure you, sir, I fully share your anxiety.'

"'This York, a city man, fresh from college! what may he not say!' ejaculated my father. 'It is scarcely possible to suppose that he will not talk with the licentious freedom of his age and sex.'

"'Not in my presence, I scarcely think,' replied Mr. Burt. 'I will take very good care that they are never alone together.'

"'Certainly not. And above all, Burt,' and here my father dropped his voice, and then paused abruptly. 'That door is open!' he exclaimed in another second, and I had but just time to dart away, before it was closed with a bang.

"I rushed back to my room, my heart full of the most intense curiosity, mingled with the bitterest indignation. What was I that I should be cut off from all the pleasures of my age, from all freedom, watched and guarded like a criminal? Even my anticipated pleasure in my visit to my uncle's was clouded, since I had heard already the doom pronounced that I was never to be free from the presence of my vigilant tutor. In vain I tried to imagine what was the cause of my strange isolation, and fell asleep at last, worn out with puzzling conjecture." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deodorization by the Atomizer.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, Dr. Richardson explained a process he had adopted for applying the atomizer for the purpose of deodorization. He made a mixture by adding iodine to solution of peroxide of hydrogen until saturation occurred, and afterwards concentrated sea-salt in proportion of two and a half per cent. In this combination a water was produced like sea-water, and which was rendered active by being charged with free iodine and ozone. The solution placed in one of Krohne's hand atomizers could be diffused in the finest state of distribution at the rate of two fluid ounces in a quarter of an hour; but in an ordinary bed-room or sitting-room, one ounce was sufficient to render the air so active that ozone test-papers were discolored by it to the highest degree of Moffat's scale in from five to ten minutes. For charging the sick room rapidly and effectually with active air—in a word, with sea-air—Dr. Richardson said this plan was by far the most effective of any he had known. A nurse could put the apparatus into action at once, and could deodorize hour by hour, according to the directions of the medical practitioner.

The Yankee widow heaves a sigh, then, (eminently practical) marrying constructs a pie;
The Hindoo widow utters moans and cry, and then constructs a pyre.
The first from sore ovation and o'er a "So!"
The last from sudden wind evokes a fire.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 4, 1865.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "To My Friends in Jesus." "Parted." "Climbing the Hills." "Sunset." "Forevern." "Alamondale." "Fergason." "Albert Finderly." "Mary Mowton." "Claudia," "Clara Lee." "Sailing in Moonlight." "Across The Sea."

A NEW STORY BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST; A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

SOLDIERS' WIDOWS.

Mrs. A. T. Farwell, of Penn Yann, New York, recently sent us a club of forty subscribers to the Lady's Friend and The Post, with $100, which entitles her to a Sewing Machine as a premium.

Mr. H. C. Robbins, of the same place, speaks of Mrs. Farwell as a highly respected lady, who is left, by the loss of her husband in the war, with two little children to provide for.

By going to work and getting up a club of forty subscribers, Mrs. Farwell has entitled herself to a Wheeler & Wilson machine, which will aid her greatly in supporting herself and family.

Are there not a good many soldiers' widows through the land, who could get a Sewing Machine in the same way? The machine we offer is no low-priced humbug, but a first-rate article, which cannot be bought for less than fifty-five dollars of the manufacturers in New York. There is no machine in the market, as every one knows, superior to Wheeler & Wilson's. We would suggest, not only to soldiers' widows, but to all ladies who wish a Sewing Machine, and yet find it difficult to raise the necessary money, that they should imitate the example of Mrs. Farwell. It may take a little time and energy to obtain the names and money of forty subscribers, but a machine worth fifty-five dollars is pretty good pay for doing it.

SEARCH FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

Every one is more or less interested in the beautiful. This is natural. Even the child early recognizes something which touches this perception of nature. From the lowest to the highest in the scale of intelligence there is some consciousness of a harmony and fitness of things which generally may be termed beauty.

"He hath made everything beautiful in his time."

As all spontaneous emotions require culture for development into high attainment subservient to best uses, it is a matter of no slight importance that this taste for the beautiful should receive proper direction.

Had not the Creator designed that this love of the beautiful should receive cultivation, He would not have bestowed beauty on the earth; and that He designed the universal culture of this taste is evident from the fact of beauty being lavished here, there, and everywhere in the wildest, most isolated portions of the earth, as well as in those places evidently adapted for the especial admiration of man.

We now find the clearest, silver streams winding in obedience to all the laws of grace amid the tangled thicket, or the luxuriant meadow; gems of crystal water hid away in the bowels of the earth; delicate and exquisite arteries among the seams of huge ledges, and fair, odorous blossoms in the wilds of solemn forest.

Another reason which may be assigned to prove that God especially designed the exercise of this culture of the beautiful is, that the first abode of Man was made by Him infinitely lovely in all perfection of beauty. The word Eden signifies a place of supreme felicity and delight.

The study of the beautiful will not only cultivate the mind for appreciation of the higher departments of nature, and art theoretically, but may be made to directly subserve the uses of practical life.

A man who has accomplished some cultivation of the principles of æsthetics, whether accidentally or otherwise, will arrange his residence with strict attention to the effects of the beautiful, and what is the consequence? Why this very effect has a tendency to soften down the asperities of daily life. He returns from the cares and perplexities of business life, and his eye dwells with delight on the beauty and harmony around him. If his home be a country seat, he never tires of the picturesque groups of noble trees on the smooth, emerald lawn, which in summer shed masses of grateful shade over the rustic arbor or chair; while the tops form an elaborate gallery for the choral songsters, who are ready at any moment to give him the benefit of their sweetest inspirations. Or he removes trees, so that there may be partially opened a fine prospect of the neighboring town or village, a river, or clear, silvery sheet of water. Flowers and shrubs will be trained to grow just where one would most delight to find them. Statuary will be distributed in the angles, and not on the open way. Everything which is a deformity will be removed, or concealed by some happy art of decoration; while whatever is lovely, or rare, or striking, will be introduced with the nicest care for the finest and noblest effects.

"All cannot have such a home," one says. True, but good taste may be seen just as well about the low-roofed home of the poor man. It costs little to train vines over the rude lattice by the door, waving their incense-laden censers as the poor man enters from his toil. The little path through the yard may be easily bordered with flowers that tempt his eye, causing him to leave all his harshness at the gate, while little children bound out of the door, clean and neat as little children will be, where the mother loves to make home happy and beautiful. She may be very poor, obliged to work hard from morning till night. Using her time wisely, she plants lilacs, because they are early bloomers. Then roses will peep forth by the fences and paths, and beneath the small windows, on the sills of which will smile the pots of mignonette and geranium diffusing a pleasant odor through the room.

It is not the greatest expense that produces the finest effects. Spare moments, with industry, and a cultivated eye for forms and harmony, is all that is requisite.

That there is a difference in the mental organization of individuals, in regard to this taste for the beautiful, is evident; but there is no mind but what has this sense in some degree, so that it may be awakened by cultivation, into partial development at least.

There is beauty in every phase of nature, however paradoxical it may appear. The affinities of human nature to discover this beauty in a greater or less degree is universal.

Since this taste is seen to have been designed and ordained by God, and to be bestowed universally, in varying degrees, and that its cultivation contributes to many of the highest and best uses of life, it should be the pleasure of every woman, rich or poor, to study it, in the arrangement of her home, as well as her toilette. Bright, cheerful carpets are not of necessity more expensive than dark, gloomy ones; and what little child is not happier rolling over a nice, white ground, with great bush roses and lilies scattered in profusion, and glowing with real life, than he would be seated on one equally rich, but dark, thick, unsightly. Bah! if there is anything that gives us the horrors, it is such an ugly, misanthropic-looking carpet.

Then curtains, if used at all, should harmonize with the color and decorations of the room. The Empress Josephine mortified her beautiful sister-in-law so thoroughly, that the Princess shed tears, by no other way than receiving in a room decorated with blue and silver, when the lovely Pauline had on a green dress. She did not think of it till seated on a blue sofa, and then the want of harmony brought the tears.

There is no room, however small, but may be rendered cheerful, and really beautiful, by a little attention to good taste. A few beautiful pictures on the wall, not real paintings by Titian or Michael Angelo, but lithographs; the expense of one flimsy silk dress would procure enough for several rooms; and the frame must be in keeping, not elaborate gilt, but neat, pretty, rustic frames, in keeping with other expenditure. The beauty is in the picture and the glass, and the setting is only to keep it from injury. On the table, a cover plain, neat, with color and pattern to harmonize. Arm-chairs for parlors and bed-rooms can be made very cheaply by any lady of taste. Provided she cannot afford expensive articles, the comfort is just as much, and the effect depends upon the taste of the lady manufacturer.

The mother who studies the beautiful in her own home, is not only rewarded in the pleasure which she receives herself, but in her husband and children. "I wish my ma had as pretty a room, and looked as pretty as your ma's," said a sweet, blue-eyed fairy, visiting a little friend for the first time. It was not in the expense, for the speaker's mother had more of it than the other. It was only in arrangement.

If a lady has read, thought, and observed upon this subject, so that her taste be rightly toned, she may render herself far more pleasing to the eye of her husband, children, and friends, even though really plain or ugly, than one who is what is called beautiful by nature, who disregards all the suggestions of cultivated taste. And this not by costly expenditure or unwarrantable fastidiousness.

There is also another kind of beauty, which may and ought to be considered the crowning of all other adorning, and that is universal good humor. Mother, do you ever think what effect a frown may have on the future of your child? On the contrary, do you know how long he will remember your winning smile, kindly voice, and tender, loving eye, so delightful in itself, that he grows to be a man thinking his mother the most beautiful woman that he ever knew. A frown may sink him to destruction; a smile raise him to Heaven. Which do you use, and is your home attractive to your boy?

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FAIR.

The Fair to raise money for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, which is now open at the Academy of Music, and will be open all the present week, is really a very handsome one. The view of an evening especially is very gay and beautiful. The ladies who have got up this Fair deserve great credit, not only for the good they design doing, but for the taste displayed in all their arrangements. While it does not, of course, compare in extent with the great Sanitary Fair of 1864, it is still an exhibition of much variety and splendor. We would say to our readers in this city and neighborhood, go by all means—it is worth seeing and worth patronizing, not only for the sake of a good cause, but for its own sake. And the money you may spend will be well laid out—in alleviating the sorrows of those who have suffered by land and sea during the great war now so happily over.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SUNNY HOURS," or Child Life of Tom and Mary. By NELLIE EYSTER. Ashmead & Evans, Publishers, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for November. T. B. Pugh, Agent, Philadelphia.

"RED COURT FARM." By MRS. HENRY WOOD. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

"SPEECHES OF GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN ON IRISH INDEPENDENCE AND ENGLISH NEUTRALITY." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

☞ Apples are selling in this city at six and eight dollars a barrel. They are generally very good, however.

THE STREET CARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Home, Oct. 18th, 1865.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER—Dear Madam:—I have the honor to respectfully request that you will not encourage my daughters, Este and her sister, in the literary arena of ... and nonsense, by publishing their ridiculous letters, as I observe in your issues of Oct. 7 and Oct. 21st. I appeal to you as a woman, and one capable of appreciating my reasons—which you will discover by the following facts and results of what you have already published:—Este is old and unmarketable, her former majestic beauty somewhat faded and badly pinched—her youthful dimples gathering themselves coolly into the wrinkles of life. Este was 27 the day she wrote you. Poor Este. Este's younger sister (who is called (Amn-Este) is young, generous, grateful, charming and attractive, as well as the joy of the household. Este was reared in the new school of elegant (fashionable) politeness and courtesy. She says she was taught to excel in the haughty, disdainful, unnoticeable coolness of the present feminine age, whenever she was the recipient of any delicate attention to her comfort and convenience from the despised race, as she terms them. Este's sister has thus far been educated at home, (Old School Courtesy) and has not *finished* the raging accomplishments. She says that ladies should have a proper appreciation of, and pay due respect to gentlemen for such praiseworthy conduct; she condemns the late revised edition of female elegance in this respect; she maintains that politeness should be reciprocal, and not all on one side like the handle of a jug—she says ladies must remember that gentlemen cannot be expected to hold that high appreciation of our sex in public, and must become seemingly indifferent in their devotedness to our comforts when we act like the fossil remains of some moving automaton.

Este's erroneous views have indeed caused her to be a pitiable creature, destined to live the solitary life of single blessedness—while Amn-Este is the centre of a whole universe of brilliant admirers, and since the publication of her nonsense (Oct. 2) I have been (a-la-President) literally overrun with (Amn-Esty) seekers. Mrs. Spencer will readily see that a continuance of Este's letters would only expose her ridiculous views to the world, while a continuance of Amn-Este's would be too great a tax of my time in considering the claims of myriads of lovers. I will add for your benefit that the three gentlemen referred to by Este and her sister are the same, and all of them of our most eligible families.

I have to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, ESTE'S MA.

P. S. As to that old, gouty brother of mine, I will simply relate one fact to convince you of his inability to place an opinion upon record. Some few months since the family seriously contemplated placing him in an asylum for his health, but he was not so crazy afterwards, therefore it was delayed until now there is no hope for him. I may say you are at liberty to publish this to show the girls and the old man that they had better remain quiet.

Very respectfully, ESTE'S MA.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

In a curious treatise, called the "Beau Ideal," quoted by Hogarth in his "Analysis of Beauty," it is said that the key to all harmonious proportions in painting, sculpture, music, architecture, etc., was brought to Greece by Pythagoras, on his return from Phœnicia, Egypt and Chaldea, and by its application to the arts raised them to the highest excellence.

Vice must have variety, but Virtue stands like the sun, and all which roll around drink life from her aspect.—*Byron's Marino Faliero.*

There are forty elementary sounds in the English language.

Dr. Johnson declared Patriotism to be the last resort and refuge of scoundrels.

Eric MacKenzie says, "The water lily's death is such a lovely flower-death. When the seed ripens in the lily-cup, and her bloom is over, she does not cast her seed to the winds, and fade and wither and decay, like earth-flowers, but she slowly turns upon her pale face, resting it upon the water, while her seeds sink in a golden shower, back to the parent stem, far beneath the wave; thus they never leave their native loch, but flower forever." Also—"The dark green hollies are fierce with steel-like prickles—the base of the tree is a perfect armory of sharp points, but as the branches spring higher the prickles decrease, and at the top the branches, which are beyond reach, have no prickles at all. Nature's economy, she only protects where necessary, and crowns strength with beauty."

Melody is the sequence of single sounds. Harmony is the combination of two or more sounds.

"The Order of St. Michael was said to have been instituted by the archangel himself, who was the first knight of the order; in fact, chivalry was instituted by him."

"The Saracens, according to tradition, were descended from Sarah, by an Egyptian intrigue. The Scotch also claim to have come from Egypt, the issue of Scota, a daughter of one of the Pharoahs."

"Mankind is everywhere the same, like cherries or apples; they may differ in size, shape, or color, from different soils, climates or culture, but are still essentially the same species, and the black wood-cherries are not more near akin to the Maydukes than the wild, naked negro to the fine figures adorned with coronets and ribbons."

Lady Montague said:—"My health is like old lace. I patch it in one place, and it breaks out in another."

Miller, in his "Science of Language," says:—"The hieroglyphic signs of our modern prescriptions have been traced back by Champollion to the real hieroglyphics of Egypt."

It was a saying of Cardinal Pallavicino that—"Seneca perfumed his conceits with civet and ambergris."

Hesiod says:—"He is a fool who knows not how much better half is than the whole."

"Claude Lorraine was distinguished for his mysterious atmospheres. He took the soul captive by his ideal loveliness."

Heine calls "The Church of Our Lady" a "barbaric cathedral, which rose like a colossal boot-jack over the entire city of Munich, and hides in its bosom the shadows of the Middle Ages."

☞ Socrates, being silent in company, was requested to join in the conversation. He replied: "What I know would be improper here; and what would be proper here, of that I am ignorant."

Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville.

FROM ARTEMUS WARD'S NEW VOLUME.

When Mr. Greeley was in California ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the Tribune in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden state. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be feted at 7 o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, this great man must be there by 7 to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I *must* be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I *must* be there at 7."

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we *are going!*"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack, crack! went the whip, and again "that voice" split the air. "Git up! Hi yi! G'long! Yip—yip!"

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an India-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said:

"Do—on't—on't—on't you—u—u think we—e—e—e shall get there by seven if we do—on't—on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head "might have been seen" at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—care—*sir*, if we *don't* get there at seven!"

"I have got my orders!" Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all!"

"I've got my orders! I work for the Californy Stage Company, *I* do. That's wot I *work* for. They said, 'git this man through by seving.' An' this man's goin' through. You bet! Gerlong! Whoo-ep!"

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop, you—maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk:

"I've got my orders! *Keep your seat, Horace!*"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him to town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the states in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"*He was, a few miles back!*" said Mr. Monk; "yes," he added, after looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coach-roof—"yes, I can see him! He is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the chairman of the committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir!—why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follers: 'Git him there by seving!' It wants a quarter to seving. Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the committeeman, seizing the off-leader by the reins—"Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir!"

"*I've got my orders!*" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders don't say nothin' about no brass band and young women. My orders says, 'Git him there by seving!' Let go them lines! Clear the way there! Whoo-ep! KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence gray-haired men, who were little boys in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach-roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for awhile; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COMO.

Lake Beyadeiro—Queer Fish—Water-Fowl—A Colony of Christians—Queen Beyadeiro—Happy Home.

Most of our modern geographers, I believe, spell the word Bevedero. But as I find in all the old Spanish surveys, maps and records the spelling *Lago Beyadeiro*, I prefer to follow that authority, and I suppose the difference will suit the reader just as well.

We have many beautiful lakes within the limits of the United States, but not one that I have any knowledge of so beautiful as this lovely Buenos Ayrean gem of the wild. In its features it is totally different from any of our North American lakes, and in its singular characteristics, Beyadeiro probably has no resemblance to any other body of water on the face of the earth.

The lake is about thirty-five miles in its longest diameter, lying nearly north and south, is egg-shaped, the southern end being the broadest, some twenty miles in width, its outlines comparatively as regular as an oval could be drawn on paper, its shores being one of the peculiar features of the lake.

First, there will be presented a stretch of beach, a league perhaps in extent, from three to six rods in width, covered with pebbles of every conceivable color and shade, and sloping down towards, and many rods out into the lake, by a grade so gentle, that one may wade fifteen rods from the shore, and bring the water only to the armpits of a man of ordinary stature.

These pebble stretches will terminate against an abrupt buttress of gneis-rock, rising perpendicular from the soil, with a smooth, clear-cut face—sometimes overhanging at the summit like a heavy cornice, often fifty or more feet in height, the water at the base of the singular sea-wall being always deep—in many instances more than fifty feet—the line of rock continuing perhaps two or three miles, and then terminating abruptly, giving place to a broad, level beach of fine, hard sand almost as white as a mantle of snow.

The reach of sand is succeeded in turn by a dense jungle, tangled and woven together by a great variety of thorny, wiry vines, until it is literally impenetrable to man or beast. These jungles run down to, and even out into the water, growing up, like the mango, from a depth of two feet, and present as perfect a barrier to travel along the shore as do the rocky ledges. In every instance, so far as our investigation extended, the water of the lake in the neighborhood of these jungles was tepid, acrid, strongly impregnated with salt, and large quantities of some black, asphaltic substance was always floating on the surface, while everywhere else the waters of the lake are limpid, pure, and very cold.

With the exception of the deep places at the base of the rock-walls, Lake Beyadeiro is very shallow, the average depth being no more than about eighteen feet. Although the lake receives the waters of more than fifty streams, some of them of considerable magnitude, and is also the receiving reservoir of a chain of a dozen other lakes, three at least of which are larger than itself, it has no visible outlet.

Another peculiar feature of Beyadeiro is that it has an irregular ebb and flow of its waters—or more properly, perhaps, a *pulsation*. Sometimes they will rise and fall nearly a foot, three or four times in the course of twenty-four hours. Then they will intermit, and for several days consecutively there will be no perceptible rise or fall. I have no idea how the phenomenon may be rationally accounted for, unless some of those everlasting old *spit-fires* over there in the great Andean Range are at the bottom of it. Is it not just possible that Lake Beyadeiro is the grand tank from which Anlico, Dezrebezado, Antisano, and other active volcanoes along the crest of the towering Andes, draw their water supplies for the manufacture of steam?

The lake affords a great variety of most excellent fish, and among them is one species more numerous, I believe, than all others, and a character quite as queer as the lake itself. He is a scaly fellow in every sense of the word—in shape exactly like the pike of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and, full-grown, measures three and a half feet in length, weighing from thirty to forty pounds. He has a pair of jaws like a wolf, with a formidable row of teeth quite as strong and sharp; great, glaring eyes, scales the size of an old Spanish "quarter," and so hard and elastic, that a charge of double B shot will not penetrate the coat of mail at the distance of ten yards, though they are easily enough flaked off when you have the fish once subjugated.

The Buenos Ayreans call the fish *el Lobo de Agua*, and I think him most appropriately christened. He is a *Water Wolf* in reality. He is as ravenous as a shark, and as treacherous as a leopard. Sometimes a shoal of hundreds of the great, overgrown monsters will lie prone on the bottom of the lake, like so many dead chunks of wood, for hours together. Then all at once, as if by some concerted signal, away they go, every water-wolf of them, in chase of a school of some weaker fish, and the hunt once up, they never abandon the chase until they have run down their last victim, or gorged themselves to repletion.

The lake is the resort of vast numbers of water-fowl, of more than twenty varieties, from the majestic swan, down to the little atom of a "diver," scarcely larger than a sparrow. These fowl feed and fatten on an aquatic plant that covers almost the entire bottom of the lake.

Sometimes the water-wolves take a fancy to make a foray on the water-fowl literally covering the surface of the water, and then up they come by thousands and tens of thousands, darting, snapping, mangling, killing, and putting to flight miles of the frightened birds, who dash blindly away in bewildered frenzy, driving recklessly anywhere to escape their terrible enemies.

It was such a feathered stampede of bewildered water-fowl that so nearly frightened us out of our senses,—or our senses out of us,—on the first night of our encampment upon the shore of the lake.

Our main object in visiting Lake Beyadeiro was the gratification of a curiosity which had been excited to a high figure by accounts we had heard of its beauties and peculiarities.

Having established ourselves comfortably, the next enterprise was to devise ways and means for exploring the lake and making discoveries. Boats and boat building were out of the question, but several of us had been on the northern coast of Brazil, and two of us at least long enough on the coasts of Para and Bolivia to become familiar with a very clever substitute for boats, and we set about the construction of a craft about midway between a balsa of Peru, and a catamaran of the Brazilian Aborigines.

Not far from our camp we found several magnificent specimens of the American Agave—tall straight trunks—the biggest at the little end, as our Mission military carpenters declared, and something lighter than cork, I believe, as six of us very easily carried one of the trunks, nearly two feet in diameter, and I suppose forty-five feet long, from where it grew to the lake.

Lashing seven of these Agave trees side and side firmly together with the strong *bahoosa* vine, we floored them neatly over with three layers of smooth embo bark, erected a comfortable cabin of the same material, stepped two masts, fitted a steering oar and pair of sweeps, improvised two efficient lug sails out of our largest tent, and there she was—our *balsa catamaran*—just as comfortable craft for ordinary weather as ever any one might wish to go to sea in—or on.

Embarking our arms, fishing gear, four of the dogs and a week's sea stores, four of our party, the Doctor, Capt. Cator, Lieut. Frank O'Harra and myself set sail on a voyage of discovery, leaving the remainder of our party to keep house and amuse themselves as they would, until our return.

Our cruise terminated on the afternoon of the second day, resulting in a discovery and the transfer of our camp to another locality. Rounding a slight promontory about the middle of the afternoon on the second day of our voyage, having passed around the northern end of the lake and sailing up its western shore, we came all at once into full view of a *town*. It was not a very extensive city certainly, but a most beautiful. There were eighty in all neat, very white walled, very red roofed, very Swiss looking cottages standing in ten rows, about three hundred yards apart each way—in the centre of the quadrangle was a neat church, with a tall, taper spire, near it a school house, and down near the water a row of half a dozen store houses and work shops. Running our *catamaran* into the beach, we were met and welcomed by a noble looking, white haired old man, who doubtless suspecting us to be natives of some country where *yes* is used as an affirmative, instead of *yaw-yaw* or *si senor*, addressed us in most unexceptionable English, invited us to his house, which was the one nearest our landing place, and having accepted the invitation, within an hour we were quite at home, and had heard from our venerable host, then in his eighty-seventh year, the history of the little colony we had so unexpectedly found.

Pierre Lalande was the founder, patron and patriarchal sovereign of *Zurich*, the beautiful miniature city there by the Lake Beyadeiro in Buenos Ayres. By the Lake of Zurich, in Switzerland, Pierre Lalande had owned immense estates, and for several years was one of Switzerland's principal public men. One day, twenty-six years previous to our visit to New Zurich, Sieur Lalande took the fancy that in some other quarter of the globe he could vastly improve the condition of his numerous tenants and dependants. From a Swiss wanderer he had heard glowing accounts of the beauties of the region about Lake Beyadeiro, and making a tour thither, he found they had not been anything exaggerated. So, disposing of his vast estates, he took with him all his household and dependents, carried them at his own expense to Lake Beyadeiro, laid out and with his wealth built up New Zurich, giving in fee one of those beautiful homes and sixty acres of land adjoining the town, or near it, to each family, as time had increased their number, from thirty-two to eighty.

Among the colonists were men and women familiar with all the domestic trades and arts, and while the majority cultivated the soil, these manufactured everything their simple wants required. They wove both woollen and linen cloths, made shoes, boots, hats, saddles, watches, ploughs, earthern and cabinet wares, built houses, and they had a fleet of water craft of various kinds, ranging from a light skiff to a twenty ton schooner, the workmanship and outfit of which would have been creditable to any shipwrights in the world.

Steam they had not at Zurich, but they had two flour mills and a good deal of light machinery driven by horse power. They manufactured an abundance of most excellent butter and cheese, and with well stocked gardens and a profusion of fine fruits, the South American Zurichers wanted little out of the outside world. There were two skillful physicians members of the community, an excellent school, an intelligent, earnest clergyman, and the Zurichers were all, men, women and children, devout, exemplary *Christians*.

All the immediate members of Pierre Lalande's family were dead, with the exceptions of one daughter and her child, a lovely girl of eighteen, christened after the beautiful lake, *Beyadeiro*, and on whom the Zurichers in their great affection had bestowed the title of *Queen*. And Beyadeiro Lalande was truly a sovereign, ruling as her aged grandsire's vicegerent, by the magic of her superior accomplishments. At her instance preparations were speedily made to transfer our entire establishment—men, women, horses and dogs—from our camp on the eastern shore of the lake, to New Zurich. The little schooner was fitted up to accommodate our entire party for the brief passage; guides were despatched to bring the horses and pack mules round by land, and at sunrise on the morning after our arrival at the colony we embarked on board the Zephyr, the beautiful yacht of the lovely young Queen of Zurich, accompanied by Beyadeiro herself, with her mother, and after a run of three hours across the lake, I had the honor of introducing our entire party to Queen Beyadeiro and her cultivated, lady-like mother.

Before night on the following day we were billeted upon and comfortably disposed of among the hospitable Zurichers, every one of whom was anxious to get a share of us. The Zephyr yacht, and, indeed, the whole fleet, was placed at our disposal for pleasure or exploration; every one contributed his or her utmost to make our home among them agreeable and pleasant, and during our seventy days' sojourn among the Zurichers we neither saw or heard aught else than the most perfect love and harmony. It was, indeed, a happy home—that lovely city of Swiss Christians by the shore of the lovely Lake Beyadeiro.

How vary opinions about great Queen Bess,
How her enemies rail, and her friends how they puff her!
But this may be said of her temper and dress,
Her coll-er was *ruff*, and her chol-er was *rougher*.

Sweet Flowers.

It is because flowers are such lovely emblems of innocence, so like the merry face of childhood, that they have a large place in our best affections. They ever remind us of our days of boyhood and buoyancy; when Nature, our fond mother, sat upon the hills, clapping her hands with joy, and giving us all the earth, with the landscape and rocks, and hills and forest, for our school and playground; when the young soul was just fresh from its home in heaven, and not yet corrupted and defiled by a cold, callous, and calculating world; when quiet nooks enclosed us with their greenness, and we found companions in the wild bee, and the morning breezes, and in everything which wore the impress of beauty, whether animate or inanimate; when all things were clothed with beauty, and were worshipped with a veneration beyond utterance; when each leaf and flower was a palace of sweet sights and scents, and the bending boughs were woven into fairy bowers of enchantment, and touched us with heaven's own glorious sunshine; when we picked up lessons of love and delight by river-sides, by brooks, and hawthorn paths, in quiet glens, and in green fields, and inhaled from every passing breeze health, intelligence, and joy; when all things grew and expanded into broad and living hope, calm, lovely, promising, and serene, as a bright vision by a sick man's bed. And then, too, the holy memories which they embalm in their folded buds and unfolded chalices—memories fraught with sorrow, but not less welcome to our hearts. Tender recollections, perchance, of parents now sleeping in green repose in the ivied churchyard, though far divided from us by a gulf of worldly cares and sordid interests, no longer controlling our actions with a judicious watchfulness and care, no longer checking us as we are about to pluck the fatal weeds of folly, and to inhale the breath of the sinful blossoms which pleasure scatters in our path—beautiful and fragrant, but fraught with the bane of misery—luring us to tarry in voluptuous bowers, and steep our souls in sensual delights, where repentance and self-reproach, for precious time thus squandered and irrevocably lost, come upon us as a reward, and give, in return for excess of light, a maddening despair and blindness.

The Nature of Contagion.

Dr. Lionel Beale sums up his views upon this question as follows:—The *materies morbi* of contagious diseases does not consist of lifeless organic or inorganic matter, nor of any form of gas or vapor generated in the decomposition of animal or vegetable substances, nor of any matter set free during the decomposition of fœcal or other excrementitious matter of animal origin; nor is it any species of animal or vegetable organism or parasite; but the active contagious material consists of exceedingly minute particles of living germinal matter which may be regarded as the direct descendants of the germinal or living matter of an organism which has been for some time living under unusual conditions. Contagious poisons affecting men and animals have originated in their organisms. The living or germinal matter of some contagious diseases originating in the bodies of animals may grow and multiply in man, and *vice versa*. These particles of living germinal matter may retain their vitality for some time after they have escaped from the seat of their formation. They may pass through the air or be preserved in clothes, or various fluids, or moist solids. The smallest particle (less than the 1,000,000th of an inch in diameter) being introduced into the body already in a fit state for its nutrition, may grow and multiply, giving rise in due time to the symptoms characteristic of the particular disease, and producing myriads of particles like itself. But it is probable that such particles, being introduced into a perfectly sound organism in a state of perfect health, would not grow and multiply, but would die; or, in other words, such an organism would resist the influence of the contagious matter. Some of the germinal matter forming the *materies morbi* of certain contagious diseases may retain its vitality for a considerable period of time in a comparatively dry state, like vaccine lymph. Knowing what we do of the protecting influence exerted by vaccination, it seems probable that the ravages of many other contagious diseases besides smallpox may be mitigated or prevented by the inoculation of certain forms of contagious matter which would produce allied but much less severe forms of disease. It seems desirable that numerous experiments should be instituted on cattle with the object of ascertaining if any such protective influence would be really exerted.—*Medical Times and Gazette, Sept. 23.*

☞ A Harrisburg paper tells of a man who has failed in business four times, being upset in a stage-coach, and thrown down an embankment sixty feet; fell head foremost through a hatchway in a store at Reading; has been married three times, and is the father of twenty-one children. Yet he "still lives," and is in business in Harrisburg.

☞ Jeff. Thompson says the only persons in the South at the present time who wish to do any more fighting, are those who did not do any when they had the chance.

☞ "How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day during a conversation about the old Saints and the Apostles. "Ah!" he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience's sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

☞ It is better to love a person you cannot marry, than to marry a person you cannot love. This is a short text for a long sermon, which human experience will continue to preach "until the last syllable of recorded time."

☞ Once in a church, a young man who carried a collecting-plate, before starting to collect, put his hand in his pocket as usual, put a shilling, as he supposed, on the plate, and then passed it round among the congregation, which numbered many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked at the plate, all seemed astonished and amused; and the young man, taking a glance at the plate, found that, instead of a shilling, he had put a conversation-lozenge on the plate, with the words, "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody in the face. None of the young ladies, however, closed with the offer.

☞ A report recently presented to the London Academy of Medicine states that since "spiritualism" became in vogue, cases of insanity have augmented twenty-five per cent.

☞ The Republic of Paraguay is now said to be mainly ruled by a woman, picked up in the streets of London by Lopez, the President—a curious whirligig of fortune.

Extraordinary Brotherhood.

A curious incident took place at a recent execution of the murderer Pivot, at Marseilles. An unfortunate criminal ascended the scaffold, followed by four men, enveloped in long robes of coarse tan-colored canvas, their features concealed by hoods of the same material, in which two small apertures were made to enable them to see their way. The Marseilles population made way for them in respectful silence, recognizing at once these men as "Penitents Pellisons," that is, members of a brotherhood who are bound by oath to perform the most menial services for the poor, and especially devote themselves to attend on the condemned and bury their remains. The evening before an execution the members of this brotherhood, sprung from every class in society, meet in conclave and draw lots as to which among them are on the following morning to take possession of the scaffold. The executioner and his assistants having accomplished their bloody work, retire immediately. The prior of the community first recites the words, "There is no longer a criminal here, but the mortal remains of a man created in the image of God, and whom we are about to inter." The brothers respond, "Amen," undo the straps by which the body has been bound, place it on a wide cloth, join the head to the trunk, and having made a deep bed of bran and straw, proceed to sew up the corners of the winding-sheet, and place the body in the bier they have brought for the purpose. They then carry it to the cemetery, where the almoner, whose office it has been to attend the criminal in his last moments, reads the service of the dead. General de Damas, Peer of France, and Minister of War during the Restoration, was one of the confraternity, and his stall in their chapel happened to be next to that of Father Jerome, a poor street-crossing sweeper. The vow is often made during a term of peculiar affliction, or at a moment of imminent danger. Once made, however, it is religiously kept.

The First Wig.

St. Louis lost his hair in Palestine, and when Queen Blanca saw him thus denuded she was sorely vexed. However, she bethought herself of a remedy, which was to cut off a lock from the head of every courtier; these she sewed carefully together, and thus created the first wig!

The effect is certainly very droll at this time, when one sees bonnets exhibited in the windows, with a big bunch of hair behind, as if there was an honest head within.

In a German paper of recent date is given an account of the trade which has sprung up in Denmark and Sweden in the matter of hair. The peasants there are very poor, but they have a profusion of fine hair, which is very valuable in certain quarters where art balances the deficiencies of nature. The agents for the trade which has arisen in consequence of this supply and demand tempt the simple peasants in the following manner. They take the opportunity of appearing at the cottages when the husband and brothers are absent. They have with them a bale of tempting goods, and often a beautiful head of hair is exchanged for a couple of Indian silk handkerchiefs. The hair thus collected has to go through five or six preparations before it is fit for the head of fashion. To produce the undulating lines so much admired, it is rolled round little sticks, and boiled in a cauldron. The hair harvest, in these countries, however, is likely to become scanty, for men object to marry the girls with cropped heads, or "short silks," as they term it; and those who are still willing to be shorn of their locks hold out for ready money, and will no longer barter them for yellow handkerchiefs.

Chlorothallate of Ammonia as a Re-Agent.

Chlorothallate of ammonia completely precipitates nitrate of bismuth. The precipitate is chlorothallate of bismuth in the form of a white powder. Under the same conditions solutions of salts of lead remain transparent, with the exception of the basic acetate, which becomes cloudy, the cloudiness, however, disappearing on agitation. We have here, then, a rare example of the precipitation of one of these salts under conditions which do not appear to effect the other. Chlorothallate of ammonia, therefore, would appear to be useful in the laboratory as a means of quickly distinguishing bismuth from lead. Whether it is of use in completely separating one of these metals from the other remains to be decided. Bromothallate of ammonia has the same reaction as the chlorothallate. It may be as well to add that chlorothallate of ammonia is most easily formed by treating chlorothallic ether or alcohol with sal ammoniac. The salt is obtained in the form of beautiful, colorless, six-sided tables, which are soluble in alcohol and in water.

☞ The Boston Post says that Mrs. Caroline Marden, of Medford, Mass., while returning home from Boston, on Sunday last, had her pocket picked of a small sum of money. On reaching home the lady discovered a $800 diamond ring in her pocket, which the rogue had doubtless accidentally dropped while accomplishing the theft. The same thing happened in Philadelphia not long ago.

☞ Among the present "lionesses" at Paris is Lady Victoria Fitz William, a fascinating Esquimaux of Grinnell Bay, whose tender care of Lord Frederick Fitz William, some three years ago, when he was taken ill on board the English man-of-war George Henry, detained in a bay by stress of weather, on the Esquimaux coast, induced him to offer her his hand. Her maiden name was Tookelita.

☞ In noticing the death of Mr. Appold, the well-known engineer, a London paper observes that the most remarkable proofs of his cleverness as an inventor were collected in his own house and the works adjoining it. There everything that could be made so was automatic. The doors opened as you approached them, and closed after you had entered; water came unbidden into the basins; when the gas was lighted the shutters closed; a self-acting thermometer prevented the temperature rising or falling above or below certain fixed points; and the air supplied for ventilation was both washed to cool and screened to cleanse it from blacks. Even the gates of his stable-yard opened of themselves as he drove through, and closed again without slamming.

☞ Says Mencius: "If I am treated rudely, let me examine into the cause, and if I cannot discover any sort of impropriety in my own conduct, I may disregard the rudeness, and consider him who displays it as no better than a brute, and why should the conduct of a brute disturb me?"

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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☞ Prince Demidoff, a Russian nobleman, recently surprised the fancy people at a dress ball in Paris. He wore a plain buff coat, but he had in his cap, of black velvet, a diamond worth half a million.

☞ THE RIGHTS OF AUDIENCES.—A New York jury has just decided that a man who puts his feet on the benches in a theatre and indulges in loud talk may be put out. We wish that a Philadelphia jury would some day decide that a fellow who spits a puddle of tobacco juice around his seat at a place of amusement may also be put out. He is a more disgusting brute than the other, and deserves less consideration.

☞ Young men in Lawrence, Kansas, have to marry to get shelter from the weather; the landladies there take none but married people. The unfortunate youths say it is a conspiracy between the young ladies and the boarding-house keepers.

☞ A London jeweller has manufactured a watch, for an Italian nobleman, which is to cost two hundred guineas.

☞ A Finland newspaper mentions a stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. This stone, which they call Ilmakier, turns black, or blackish gray, when it is going to rain, but on the approach of fine weather it is covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil, mixed with clay, and containing rock salt, nitre, or ammonia, which, according to the greater or less degree of dampness of the atmosphere, attracts it, or otherwise. In the latter case the salt appears, forming the white spots.

☞ The Rev. W. R. Dawes concludes that the ruddy tint of the planet Mars does not arise from any peculiarity of the color of its atmosphere, as the redness is most apparent in the centre, where the atmosphere is thinnest, and it is suggested that it arises from the color of the soil.

☞ A recent tornado in Italy blew a train of cars into the Adriatic sea, and drowned a number of passengers.

☞ A society of French antiquarians is striving to prove that Joan of Arc was not burned at all, but was married, had children, and died quietly at Metz. They have published one extract from the *Mercure Galant* of October, 1686, edited by Vise. We here read that one Father Vignier, of the Oratory, discovered at Metz, and had transcribed before a notary public, a manuscript which states that in 1436, Joan came to Metz, where her two brothers met her, and at once recognized her, though they thought she had been burned long ago. By-and-by she marries Mons. des Amoises, chevalier; and Father Vignier is lucky enough to find the very marriage contract, dated 1436. The society "Du Banquet Johanne d'Arc" means to publish all its discoveries as soon as it has discovered one little missing link.

☞ The Newport and New York Company lose eighteen thousand dollars in three years' peculation of towels and blankets from their steamboats.

☞ English omnibuses have been established, which run from Jerusalem and Bethlehem, to places in the neighborhood.

☞ The astonishment of the Parisians was great, for a few months, at the importation, from America, of the steam piano; but that roarer is to be surpassed now by an electric organ; simple wires conducting to the keys are the agents for opening the valves of the pipe and making the organ play up.

☞ A New Bedford lady, who was in Boston last Saturday, astounded a female pick-pocket, who in a crowd had thrust her hand into the lady's pocket, by turning and coolly inquiring, "Why do you put your hand in my pocket, when I have my purse here in my hand?"

☞ To prevent the frequency of "breach of promise" cases in the English court, a bill will soon be introduced into Parliament, enacting that a promise of marriage, to be held binding, so that the breach of it shall constitute a ground of action, must be given in writing, and attested by two competent witnesses.

☞ The statement purporting to be a list of the names of the subscribers in England to the rebel loan has been proved to be a hoax.

☞ A Scottish paper states, upon competent authority, that, during the last two years, the practice of snuff-taking has been discontinued, in Scotland, to an almost incredible extent, and continues rapidly to diminish.

☞ The word *grocer* was originally used, as the term implies, to designate a wholesale dealer; the word *stationer* was employed to distinguish a resident shop-keeper from an itinerant trader; and the word *milliner* was at first written *Milaner*, because the articles she dealt in then mostly came from Milan.

BARBARA CLARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA H. CASE.

Do you know that I love you, Barbara Clare,
Though you never answer a look or word;
With the sunlight shimmering over your hair,
And your head with its poise like a southern bird,
And a flush flitting over your cheek like the wing
Of that crimson bird, and some strange, wild thing
Looking out of the depths of those wonderful eyes,
Are you Goddess or Peri in mortal guise?

Haughty, beautiful Barbara Clare,
Is your heart like your forehead, made of snow,
And the scarlet flush drifting over it there,
Only a shade from the sunset's glow?
I heard you trilling an old love song,
"Oh, open the door, for I've waited long!"
Pray, sing that song to yourself, for me,
For I have waited so long for thee.

And so you scorn me, Barbara Clare,
And toss your proud, defiant head.
Ah, why were you born so wondrous fair,
And why has pity your bosom fled?
You know that morning and noon and night
I only *lived* in the burning light
Of your dazzling eyes, and still it seems
Some sweet Elysian I've known in dreams.

Do you know that I *worship* you, Barbara Clare?
You will drive me mad with your cold, cold smile;
Oh, you have woven a cunning snare,
And you knew it would catch me all the while.
"You love me not, and you cannot wed
Unless you love," ah, you did not dread
The evil so much when you led me on,
Till my life was wrecked and my heart was won.

THE INVISIBLE HAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

It is unnecessary to describe our search more particularly than to state that we left no corner of the mansion, from the garret to the cellar, unexplored, but it was to no purpose, Bertha was not there, though it was obvious from the appearance of her wardrobe, that if she had gone away she had taken her departure unprovided in the way of apparel, and certainly without the knowledge of any of the servants connected with the establishment, for all of them were summoned and interrogated, and although manifestly in mortal dread of both Giblow and Mrs. Quothermy, acknowledged that they knew naught of her whereabouts, and had been commanded, under fear of instant dismissal, neither to speak of her disappearance outside the house nor to canvass it among themselves.

All these circumstances were of course susceptible of but one construction, and the manner of the suspected parties when it was no longer of any avail to assert that Bertha was there, was not of a character to give a more favorable tinge to the dark, complicated case. Both became sullen and taciturn, utterly refusing to give any information that would tend to clear up the mystery. Neither did they seek to interchange with each other a look, word, or sign, a circumstance that to me was convincing proof that their line of conduct had been previously determined upon for some such emergency as the present, and that there was little to be hoped from keeping them apart with the idea of their committing themselves by conflicting statements.

Under these circumstances there was but one course to pursue. Giblow, Mrs. Quothermy, and the servants were all taken into custody, and that same night lodged in jail, the latter not in the belief that they were participants in the crime, but that their evidence might be forthcoming when required.

Day was breaking when I reached my office, worn out mentally and physically with the excitement through which I had passed, and with nerves strung to their utmost tension, I threw myself upon a lounge, and tried to gain the rest I so much needed. But I might as well have tried to sleep on Guatamozin's "bed of roses." Wearily, like a horrid nightmare, the hours dragged on, until late in the afternoon, when I was aroused by a knock at my door. It proved to be a messenger from the prison, and he brought me a note from Giblow, brief but comprehensive, being as nearly as I can recollect as follows:

THORNWOOD: I have a communication to make in which you as well as myself are interested, so you had best see me at once and alone, or it may be too late. CARL GIBLOW.

I had little faith that he intended aught save some new deception, but anything was a relief, and I obeyed his suggestion or request, whichever it might be termed, and on reaching the prison, and showing the note, I was admitted at once to a private interview.

I found Giblow composedly smoking his meerschaum, with no outward indications of uneasiness; on the contrary, his face wore a half-concealed look of triumph, as though he still held the winning cards, notwithstanding the unpropitious appearance of the game.

"So, simpleton, you think I have killed my pretty cousin, do you?" was his salutation as I stood before him.

"You have interpreted my thoughts exactly," I answered, with such calmness as I could command.

"I always suspected you of being a fool, and now I am sure of it. Bertha is alive and well, or was a few hours since."

"Where is she then?"

"That is my business, and be sure you will never know until I am at liberty."

"Did you send for me to listen to this nonsense; and did you really imagine it would avail you anything?"

"You have listened to more absurd stories than this," he said, with an insolent laugh; "but believe it or not as you like—I tell you Bertha lives; but as sure as you stand there, she will not be alive many days unless myself and good Mrs. Quothermy are permitted to go to her unobserved and unmolested. When we go, you may be certain we shall not voluntarily return to this place."

"Giblow, you incarnate devil! What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"I mean what I say, and will explain myself in a few words. When I offered myself to my sweet cousin, and learned that her hand was already promised to you, not liking to see a fine estate elude my grasp, I took the liberty of placing her in close confinement in a secret apartment, unknown to any save Mrs. Quothermy, who is in my confidence. I promise that it is undiscoverable to all the detective talent that you or your friends can bring to bear upon it. She can reflect on the impropriety of her conduct now, and there she will and may assuredly starve unless you procure the release of her keepers."

"What proof have I that this is not a pure fabrication?"

"I could give you the evidence of your own senses, were I disposed to tell you where your lady-love is to be *found*; but for obvious reasons I do not propose doing anything of the sort, and you are at liberty to believe or disbelieve my unsupported word, unless you would consider Mrs. Quothermy's statement corroborative."

"Which I should not, as it was perfectly apparent to me last night that you were prepared to act in concert in any emergency that might arise. Of your statement I do not credit one word."

"Very well; but remember that you, and not I, will be the murderer of Bertha Gosseldorf."

"*Giblow*," I said, with difficulty restraining the impulse I felt to fall upon him and tear his treacherous heart from his bosom, "it is of course possible that your story is true, though I do not believe it; and if you choose to tell me where your cousin is, and I find her alive and unharmed, I pledge you my word of honor that she shall execute a clear conveyance of one half the estate she inherited to you. I know that what she possessed was all you cared for, and I also know that my influence will induce her to perform all I have promised, and to leave you unmolested for the outrage which, according to your own showing, you have perpetrated upon her."

"My dear, stupid fellow, when I place my foot in such a thoroughly exposed trap call me an ass, and I will thank you for the compliment. In the first place, the whole of the Gosseldorf estate would be far more to my liking than the half of it. In the second place, although as you just said what Bertha possessed was her principal attraction in my eyes, I have come to entertain rather a fancy for the girl, and should really enjoy the novelty of such a wife for a little while, particularly as I could leave her with well-filled pockets when her company became wearisome, and in a foreign land find a new charmer. Thirdly, I would believe the devil any time quite as soon as I would a lawyer; so you perceive your generous offer won't do. Keep me here, and let Bertha die of starvation, or let me go, and trust to my finding the means of inducing her to become my wife. Make your choice."

"It is quickly made, you unnatural monster. If it is really as you say, there is little to choose between the horrible death you mention, and living to become the plaything of a wretch who proclaims his purpose to desert her, when he has spoiled her of all she has to lose."

"Then I don't see as I need detain you any longer," Carl Giblow said with mock courtesy. "Good evening, Counsellor. Pardon me for having trespassed so long upon your time, and when you see your lady-love again assure her of my cousinly remembrance."

CHAPTER III.

Night had closed in when I reached my office again, and the lowering sky and sighing wind moaning like a troubled spirit, presaged a storm near at hand. I added some fuel to my fire, and threw myself upon a lounge and strove to calm my agitation, and to consider what steps to take next for the disentanglement of the case which seemed to become more dangerously complex every moment.

The chances were that Carl Giblow had invented the story to which I had listened, but on the other hand it was certainly not impossible, but that his statement was true, and that Bertha was really detained in some secret place from which escape was impossible, and where death by starvation would be her inevitable doom unless those harpies were set at liberty to pursue their atrocious designs unmolested.

"My God!" I cried in such anguish of spirit as can be imagined but cannot be described in any language at my command. "Was ever man placed in such a horrible dilemma? Turn which way I will I must assume the fearful risk of being the means of consigning the one I love dearer than life to a lingering death, or a forced marriage with a monster in the guise of humanity. How can I make choice when only such hideous alternatives are left me?" I believe I tried to pray for guidance, but my thoughts were a chaos, and my heart, so long set on earthly aims and pleasures, forgetful of that incorruptible treasure of which each man and woman sooner or later feels the need, could not frame coherently the unfamiliar petition.

At last I became unconscious, but whether in natural slumber, which it might well have been, worn as I was mentally and physically, or in some strange kind of mesmeric sleep I cannot say. The knowledge of time and place gradually became misty and indistinct, then faded altogether, and was succeeded by a vision the most vivid I ever experienced.

I seemed to see a small, oddly furnished apartment, that, so far as I could discover, had neither door nor window or other means of ingress and egress. There was a step-ladder in one corner, reaching nearly from the floor to the ceiling, but there was no indication of a trap above it, and it occurred to me that it was for use in getting at the upper shelves of one or two tall cases, with glass doors wherein were displayed curious implements having the general appearance of a chemical apparatus. There was a furnace on one side, a number of iron and earthen retorts, and a strange instrument consisting of glass tubes and steel rods, the latter tipped with some other metal, which supported a disc or dial, in the centre of which were two interlaced equilateral triangles, surrounded by various cabalistic signs and figures I did not understand ranged in a circle. There was also a delicate steel indicator like the hand on a clock that occasionally vibrated from point to point, seemingly of its own volition, and the whole rested upon a crystal bath, filled with a colorless liquid that emitted a strong, pungent odor.

At a table in this singular apartment sat Bertha, one hand supporting her head, while the other rested absently upon the strange piece of mechanism I have attempted to describe, apparently absorbed in thought—such at least was my first impression, but, as I observed her more closely, something in the expression of her face, suggested the idea that she was in a state of somnambulism.

My impulse was to take her hand and lead her away, but was restrained by the thought that if I roused her ever so gently she would start and overturn the mysterious instrument upon which her hand rested, which I had a defined fear would be followed by some awful catastrophe, and while I pondered this the whole seemed to pass, and in an instant I was fully completely awake.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the singularity of the dream made a profound impression on my mind, and I at once set about considering its import. I am not a believer in dreams as it is generally understood, but my reading and observation have convinced me that certain temperaments have sometimes a species of clairvoyant vision in which people and places they have never beheld are revealed to them with minute exactness, and by which they are able to describe events of which it is a physical impossibility they could have had cognizance, as for instance one seems to see a railway train rush through the open draw of a bridge—he hears the crash and sees the maimed and slain—indeed the whole terrible picture is painted with a fearful minuteness, and in the next morning's paper he reads that precisely such an accident occurred the preceding night at about the hour he seemed to witness it.

Such visions, I repeat, I am prepared to believe in, because I can explain satisfactorily to myself why they should come to us, and as a general thing it is easy to distinguish them from ordinary dreams, as we term the vague imaginings of a mind undirected by intellectual will; for in dreams there are more or less incongruous elements and grotesque absurdities, and these are just the portions that occasion us, as we dream no surprise. For example, our dream locates us in a church, and we see the clergyman arrayed in a night cap and shooting jacket, and in the choir in place of the organ a steam-engine driving a trip hammer, but it excites no astonishment, while in a clairvoyant vision, the impressions are always vivid—men and things appear as they should do, and events transpire as we find them in ordinary life.

It was to such a test that I submitted the vision I have described, and soon discovered elements that seemed to classify it under the head of mere dreams. The room with no door or window was not likely to exist in reality—neither was the strange instrument belonging to no scientific apparatus of which I had knowledge, and more resembling the paraphernalia of an Oriental dabbler in the Black Art. Besides the room having the general appearance of a laboratory was an additional circumstance to convince me of the correctness of my impression. I was thinking of Bertha when I fell asleep—her father spent much of his life, and had died in a laboratory under circumstances of mystery still unexplained—what more natural then that I should dream of her—locate her in such a place, and surround her with chemical apparatus? Clearly the whole thing was a dream, and altogether unreliable at all events, so said reason and intellect, but something else I could not name said "no."

I resumed my recumbent attitude again, for a strange drowsiness was stealing over me that I attributed to mental rather than physical weariness, and in a few moments I was asleep or unconscious.

An hour must have passed, for my replenished fire was again reduced to a few smouldering embers, when I was suddenly roused by a warm, soft hand, small and delicate like a woman's clasping mine, and apparently endeavoring to raise me up. I bounded to my feet and stretched forth my arms, fully expecting to clasp some form of flesh and blood, but they closed on empty air—nothing else, though I felt a presence near me, as one is sometimes psychologically conscious of the entrance of another into a room, though they may neither hear nor see them.

To strike a light was the work of an instant. It cast its soft shimmer over the apartment with the scanty furniture such as is usually found in the office of a country lawyer, but revealed no human being. I looked into my private room, the door of which was open. I examined it carefully—there was no one there. I tried the door and windows—the former was locked as I had left it when I came in—the latter were secured by springs that could only be fastened from the inside. It was simply impossible therefore that any one could have been there and escaped—it was equally palpable that I was then absolutely alone in my apartments, consequently I must acknowledge to a belief in the vulgar superstition of ghosts, or conclude that I had been imposed upon by one of those vagaries that visit our slumbering fancies, and with such philosophical reasoning I bade the temporary terror leave me.

The threatened storm had burst at last, the rain fell heavily, and the wind of Autumn howled mournfully, and shrieked in fierce wrath through the leafless branches of the old maples that overshadowed my tenement, but it was a relief rather than otherwise, and with one hand supporting my head, and the other dropped negligently by my side, I listened to the storm as to music with which I felt a secret sympathy.

Ten minutes passed, and then—I hesitate to record it, for few there are who will credit what I am about to write—the hand by my side was again clasped by that invisible palm, closely, energetically, as if to urge me away upon some mission of life or death.

I do not think I am wanting in physical courage. My natural caution leads me to avoid danger—but when it can be avoided no longer, and I stand with it face to face, I have always found myself collected, and in the full possession of my faculties; but I am not ashamed to confess that for a moment my heart stood still—drops of perspiration gathered on my forehead, and my hair rose as though overcharged with electricity.

It was impossible to delude myself into the belief that this was a dream. I was broad awake—every sense was active—I was no longer surrounded by darkness, but within the full light of my lamp, that revealed my hand close clasped in another, warm, palpable to the sense of touch, but invisible, ghostly, incomprehensible.

I had sprung to my feet at the first touch, and stood before the fireplace, with my arm almost at right angle with my body, held there by a hand I could not see, which was striving to draw me towards the door.

"In God's name! what is this thing that has befallen me?" I cried in an audible voice. "Am I the victim of some diabolical witchcraft, or is my reason tottering—my mind becoming unbalanced by the affliction I have suffered? It must be the latter—I must be going mad—yet stay! where am I? In my own office; I recognize everything around me—the chairs, and book-cases—the lounge from which I have just risen—the table yonder, with an open volume on it—"Hilliard on Real Property"—I was consulting it the day after I last saw Bertha, in reference to the "Templeton Manufacturing Company vs. Smithson," the last professional business I have attempted; and at page 298 I found an authority exactly in point, and left the book there open, intending to copy it out into my brief next morning. A memory thus reliable in minute particulars, could not be the accompaniment of a crazed brain. I am therefore sane; but an invisible hand certainly clasps mine at this moment, and is exerting palpable strength. My intellect repudiates the idea of witchcraft; but how is this to be explained? What kind of a body can that hand belong to? Where would it lead me? I will do nothing blindly; I am accustomed to logical thought to tracing effect to cause; I *will* do so now, and understand *why* this thing which has happened *could* happen, ere I stir one step, or yield to superstitious fear.

"But where is the starting point from which to begin to build up a theory of solution?"

I reflected, and with thought my mind fell into methodical working order. Memory stepped in and assisted me. I once saw Dr. ——— obtain such an ascendency over the minds of half a dozen men and women, selected at random from an audience assembled in the Hall of the New York Mercantile Library, that their thoughts, feelings, and emotions, were absolutely subject to his will. By a simple act of volition, he caused these intelligent persons, to all appearance in the full possession of their faculties, to believe that they had received blows on various parts of their bodies—that the gas had been turned off, leaving the Hall in total darkness—that they were looking out upon an eruption of Vesuvius—drinking wine of the most exquisite vintage from goblets filled with harmless Croton; and one that he was on a rock in the ocean, over which the tide was rising little by little till he was submerged—and the person was actually so near drowned, that medical aid was necessary to resuscitate him. The amusement of the evening had come near ending in a tragedy.

Now all these delusions were accomplished by throwing an overcharge of electricity to the brain, rendering the *will* of the individual for the time being dormant, and the mind susceptible to the slightest external impression—and the consequences were they felt, saw, and tasted, as he willed who had thrown them into this semi-trance, by the silent influence of soul upon soul.

I had arrived at a starting point. I had discovered *that my own senses were only to be implicitly trusted while my will was vigorous and active*, and began to see my way clear to a possible solution of the mystery. My will of course was dormant, during the heavy trance-like slumber which followed that in which I had seen the vision of the laboratory.

Giblow averred Bertha to be still alive, in a place of confinement. For the argument's sake, I would assume that to be true. Her thoughts would naturally turn towards me, and in her solitude and anxiety, she perhaps wishes with all the intensity of her woman's nature, that she could reach forth her hand, clasp mine, and draw me to her side. May not my mind whose action my will has ceased to direct, receive and register the thought of a soul in which mine is in perfect sympathy? And if such a thing is possible, would not the result be that I should feel as *reality*, what she, wherever she is, is *wishing* might be so? In other words, if Dr. ———, by rendering the will of an individual temporarily passive, by a displacement of the electric currents of the body, can drown him to all intents and purposes, on a dry floor, cannot a similar ascendancy be obtained over one of my senses, when my will has become dormant through another cause, by a person, not, it is true, present with me, but who possesses, as I have had reason to know, strange gifts of psychological power?

Admitting this to be so, cannot the preceding dream be accounted for? While thinking of me Bertha's thoughts occasionally revert to her father and his favorite pursuits, and hence in the vision I have of her, there is mixed up retorts and crucibles, but the room without door or window, and the strange instrument with its interlaced triangles I cannot explain. Cannot! That extraneous intelligence was at my side again, and all, all was clear. Such a room and such an instrument actually existed, and I should be guided thither, and with a throb of such renewed life as one might feel who had imbibed the glorious elixir distilled by Margrave from the mysterious particles culled from the teeming soil of the Australian forests. I rushed out into the night, following the lead of the invisible hand.

The storm had not abated, but I heeded it not. The hand that clasped mine thrilled me with a sensation unlike anything else I ever experienced. I seemed to be light as air; and no more doubted the success of my mission, than I did the truth of the Christian faith.

On, on toward the Gosseldorf mansion my invisible guide conducted me. And as a clock in a neighboring church-tower tolled the hour of twelve, I was standing once more before its portals. By some strange oversight or Providence, the great front door was standing ajar, and I entered. Darkness and silence were everywhere, only as the latter was broken by the whir of a gigantic bat that had taken refuge there from the tempest.

I strode through the hall with perfect confidence, straight towards the laboratory. The door was locked; but one strong blow of my foot burst it from its hinges, and gave me entrance. A luminous something caught my eye. I recognized it—a jar of water, in which were submerged some sticks of phosphorus. I extracted a portion of one, and it soon ignited spontaneously, and the pale light it emitted enabled me to distinguish the ordinary spirit lamp, with which every laboratory is furnished, and matches with which I lighted it.

Thus far there had been no mistaking the lead I was following. It had conducted me straight there; but now, although I still felt the clasp, it was tremulous and feverish, like that of a person laboring under sudden and strong excitement, and directionally, it had ceased to guide me, but still present with me was that extraneous intelligence, and under its guidance, I tore aside a case filled with scientific apparatus, and brought to light a cunningly concealed door. It opened readily and disclosed a flight of steps, down which I passed. They terminated at another door opening inward, and revealing only what appeared to be a blank wall. I placed my shoulder against it, and exerted all my strength. It moved some ponderous object turning upon a pivot. Wider and wider still became the opening until there was room for me to pass. I did so, and stood within the room I had seen in my vision; and there, before me—her hands clasped—her face as colorless as marble, was Bertha. With a cry that seemed to give expression to all the pent up agony she had suffered, she sprang toward my outholding arms, all mine. God given, restored from death to life.

I paused for a few brief moments to scan that strange apartment and its contents, and satisfy myself that it had been faithfully revealed to me in the vision, even to the singular instrument over the crystal bath. There it was, with its glass tubes and polished steel rods, its dial with the interlaced triangles, and now my physical sense detected the pungent odor of the colorless fluid over which it was poised.

I felt instinctively that some one had there sought to realize the dreams of the ancient alchemist and force from nature the secrets she will never, never yield to the science of man, and then I drew Bertha away out of the accursed place. The tall case once more turned on its pivot and closed the aperture behind us. We climbed the narrow stairs, and never paused until we were within the drawing-room, beyond the influence of all that mystery and occult paraphernalia.

It was some time ere Bertha could regain sufficient self-command to speak, and when she did it was by broken and disjointed sentences that she little by little explained how she had been carried to that place by her cousin and the housekeeper, for what purpose the reader already knows. The chamber had been built by her grandfather, who had passed many years in the East, for secret experiments of which he never spoke, and there her father had pursued those phantoms "The Elixir of Life" and "The Transmutation of Metals," without the knowledge of any human being, except his daughter and the old household servant, who alone knew of the existence of that tomb-like place, whose padded walls were proof to far more penetrating sounds than the human voice.

From the first Bertha had concentrated every faculty of her mind upon an effort to influence me toward her place of concealment, and that night while seated at the table idly watching the instrument, of which she no more than I knew the use, she inadvertently placed her hand upon the interlaced triangles of the dial. In an instant she seemed to be thrown into a kind of mesmeric trance, and was conscious of but one idea, namely, that she held my hand within her clasp and was striving to draw me towards her, and the spell had remained unbroken, until a few moments before I reached the secret chamber, when it suddenly passed, leaving her with the feeling that I was near, and that she was saved.

What occult mystery there was connected with the instrument I never tried to discover. It still remains in that ghastly laboratory, which neither of us have visited since the eventful night when I found Bertha there, but I often fancy I can scent the pungent odor of the colorless liquid in the crystal bath, and shudder to think what awful power may be therein contained.

For obvious reasons neither Bertha nor myself cared to have this strange episode in our history become a matter of public gossip. I simply announced therefore to the authorities next morning that the missing lady had been discovered alive and well. Of course Carl Giblow and Mrs. Quothermy were discharged from custody, and had the wisdom to disappear for ever from our sight.

Bertha still lights with the sunshine of her presence the path I journey. She no longer leads me forth in the storm at midnight by a clasp I can feel but cannot see, but her hand, invisible save to the eyes of my worshipping love, still leads me upward toward that better, purer life to which this transitory existence is but the portal.

How to Quiet an Audience.

When Madam Boisgontier, thirty years ago, was playing an engagement at the Folies Dramatiques, she confessed to having had the very bad habit of keeping the stage waiting. One evening, after having been repeatedly called without effect, the manager burst into her dressing-room, apoplectic with passion.

"Mademoiselle Boisgontier, you are laughing at the audience!"

"And why not? they are laughing at me."

"You're not ready? What is to be done?"

"Throw that cap," pointing to a wide-awake he held in his hand, "into the gallery; there'll be a fight, and that will occupy them for a time."

The cap of discord was thrown, and produced its effect. Two minutes were gained, but still Boisgontier was not ready.

"Boisgontier, this is intolerable. Only listen to the voice of the public. It's worse than any menagerie at feeding time. They are tearing up the benches."

"Nonsense! Send out for a franc's worth of apples, and pelt the pit. I'll pay for them."

It was an inspiration. The apples produced the effect, together with some bruises, and were devoured on the spot.

As the last morsel disappeared, Boisgontier, radiant with beauty, made her *entree* amidst the plaudits of a delighted house.

A PARIS correspondent tells the following story:—A newly-made doctor, practising in the environs of Paris, was called in by a small shopkeeper to see her child, suffering from a sudden illness. He gave a prescription, went away, and called again in two days after. The woman met him at the door, wringing her hands, with her face bathed in tears. "How is the child?" "Dead," was the agonized answer. "Dead! what with?" "The measles," gasped the weeping mother. "Measles!" thundered the doctor; "wretched woman, you have killed your child. If you had only told me that it was the measles I could have prescribed for it directly."

THE most extraordinary instance of patience on record, in modern times, is that of an Illinois judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

LEMON JUICE TO RELIEVE PAIN.—Dr. Benedict, of Milan, says that lemon juice, or a solution of citric acid, relieves the pain of cancer when applied to the sore as a lotion. The discovery was made accidentally, and the value of the application was confirmed by repeated experiments.

ONLY A FADED ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARCIA HOPE.

Only a faded rose!
Withered, and brown, and sere,
Treasured with miserly care
Through many a vanished year!

Only a faded rose!
A crushed and scentless thing;
But I think how it bloomed for me,
In youth's delicious spring.

And brighter bloomed the hopes—
That radiant summer's morn,
That were wreathed in the rose's heart,
Ere the perfumed bud had blown.

The rose lies withered and dead—
And with it the joys I knew.
No spring shall awake the flower,
Nor the faded *Past* renew!

Only a faded rose!
Treasured with miserly care—
Linked with a sweet remembrance
Of happy days *that were!*

PARTED AND RECONCILED.

A WIFE'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

We had quarrelled, my husband and I. It was not a noisy or a wordy quarrel, only a sentence on my side, a sharp, bitter retort on his; then he went out to his daily work, closing the door behind him with unnecessary energy; while I went about my household duties with a sore heart.

What had come over John to change him so? was the question that I put to myself again and again; but there was never a satisfactory answer. I thought I knew his disposition well. High tempered he certainly was; but there were no petty meannesses in his nature. He never found fault with my domestic arrangements, never fretted or scolded about trifles—he was too manly for that. But within the last three or four weeks he had got into a way of watching me strangely, as if he suspected something wrong, and sometimes spoke harshly and abruptly, when I could not, for my life, recall anything that I had said or done to offend him.

Sitting down that afternoon with my sewing, on the broad stone step of our vine-wreathed and vine-shaded back-door, I pondered the matter seriously as I had done twenty times before. Was John jealous? That could not be, for, besides a few of the neighboring women with their husbands and children, I knew no one in the city, excepting the minister of the church which we both attended, and John's employer, an old-time friend, Willson Clarke, who had known us both in the village where we were born, and had been John's groomsman when we were married. No, it was not jealousy.

Was my husband contracting a taste for strong drink? *That* would be worse than all; but there was no danger. John was a member of a Temperance Society, pledged to total abstinence. As boy and man he had always been bitterly opposed to every form of dramdrinking. Was he sick? Had he met with trouble in his business? The last seemed the only rational supposition, and the more I thought of it, the more probable it appeared that something of this kind was the cause of his altered manner. Dear John! my true, faithful husband? My heart smote me for the miserable doubts and suspicions I had been entertaining.

At this instant a piercing, childish scream reached my ear, and my next neighbor's little girl came flying toward me.

"Oh! Mrs. Carson, please come quick. Mamma is going to die."

Not a little frightened, I only paused long enough to snatch up my bonnet and close the door before hurrying to Mrs. Fry's assistance. She was in violent spasms which lasted all the afternoon; and it was nearly dark when at last I found an opportunity to leave her and return to my own house.

My husband was there when I went in, walking the floor like a caged lion.

"Oh, John, I'm so sorry that I couldn't be here to get supper earlier. Poor Mrs. Fry has been in such a dreadful way."

The expression of his face stopped me.

"Never mind the supper," he said, coldly. "I have something to say to you."

"What is it, dear?" I asked, going nearer and putting my arm about his neck.

He shook me off, savagely.

"I'm tired of this hypocrisy."

"Hypocrisy? Oh, John!"

He looked at me with a little gesture of scorn and contempt.

"That pretty, innocent air is quite thrown away on me. I've the clearest proof now of what I only surmised before, and it is better that we should part. I have made a deed of this place, transferring it to you. I would not own it now for a kingdom. And after to-morrow you can receive your lover here whenever you like, without let or hindrance from me."

I understood at last. He, my husband, whom I had almost worshipped, accused me of dishonor. I felt the hot blood tingling like fire along my veins, burning in my cheeks, flaming in my eyes. A great wave of hatred swept out all the love in my heart as I looked at him.

"No man knows better than you, that what you have said is untrue."

I spoke recklessly, defiantly; for I was desperate then.

"I shall be as glad to go, as you can be. Not for the wealth of all the world, not for the joys of heaven itself, would I be your wife two days longer. A man who is cowardly enough to offer a woman the deadliest insult because he has the power to do it, and is tired of her—"

"Stop, girl."

He caught my wrist roughly, and swung me around so that he could look into my face. The action was performed more roughly than he intended, perhaps, and my head struck against a sharp corner of the mantle. I was worn out with my labor by Mrs. Fry's bedside; I was weak with excitement, and that blow finished the work. I fainted.

When I returned to consciousness my husband was kneeling beside me.

"Minnie, God knows that I didn't intend to do this. I love you, dear, in spite of all. Only say that you forgive me for this, and I will never reproach you again."

He gathered me in his arms and pressed kisses on my lips. I turned away in sudden loathing. He understood the movement. I felt his strong frame shiver.

"You will let me call a doctor, at least, won't you, Minnie?" laying my head down gently on the pillow. "I feel like a murderer when I look at you."

"There is no need," I replied, coldly, wiping away the blood that trickled down the side of my face. "The cut is not dangerous, and even if it were, I don't want a physician to come here and get a hint of this night's work."

He sat down in silence upon the foot of the lounge and covered his face with his hands. I could see his breast heave, and a few tears, wrung from the strong man in his anguish dropped unheeded upon the floor.

The sight of his distress did not move me in the least. The words he had spoken were still rankling like poisoned arrows in my heart. I got up presently and went into the other room, closing and locking the door behind me. I wanted to be alone, where I could think. In twenty minutes my decision was made. I would go to Mrs. Lander.

She was an old lady, wealthy and childless. She had been my mother's friend, and I felt sure would befriend me to the extent of taking me into her service as seamstress, lady's maid, or companion—I would be glad of any situation that would enable me to earn my living. I had a little money of my own, the remainder of a small sum I had before marriage—enough to take me to the city where Mrs. Lander resided.

A train would leave at ten o'clock for C——, and by hurrying a little I should be in time for it. I moved about noiselessly, gathering together a few articles of wearing apparel, things that had been part of my wedding outfit, carefully excluding everything that John had given me. In trunks and clothes-press were numberless garments that he had bought me, for he had always been lavish in gifts to his "little wife," as he called me; pretty dresses, dainty handkerchiefs, shoes and skirts, and a set of plain, but elegant jewelry. I wanted none of them—nothing that could remind me of this night or of him. Even his picture and the letters he had written me, carefully cherished till now, were left undisturbed in the velvet recess where I always kept them, and the keys were left in the locks.

When all was done, I paused to listen. John was walking up and down the floor;—he would not hear me. With a noiseless movement I lifted the latch and stepped out into the open air. There was no moon, but the stars twinkled brightly.

Ponto was lying on the step. He got up, wagging his tail, when he saw me, and laid his head against my arm as I bent to caress him. Do not think me foolish that I kissed the affectionate creature; he was the only thing in all the world that I had to love. He would have followed me, but I ordered him back, and with my satchel on my arm, I sped down the garden walk, out through the little gate that opened into the alley, and away to the depot.

I had calculated closely. I had just time to take my seat in the car before the train started, and I was borne away, fast as the iron horse could travel, away from my husband and my home—mine no longer!

Early in the morning I presented myself before Mrs. Lander. She received me very kindly, and to her I told my story.

She listened intently till I had told her all, and, laying her hand on my shoulder, said, sadly, "Just so I parted from my young husband, in anger and bitterness of spirit, and—I never saw him again. I shall never see him till the sea gives up its dead."

Her words awed and impressed me, but did not shake my resolution. After awhile I preferred my petition.

"Will you keep my secret, and give me something to do, Mrs. Lander? I shall never live again with my—with John Carson, and I am willing to do anything so that I can earn an honest living."

She looked at me very seriously.

"Of course I will keep your secret, my child. But as for work, you are not fit for it now. Your nervous system is very much shaken by excitement. You shall stay with me a week and rest, and at the end of that time if you still think best to live separate from your husband, I will not oppose your determination. I loved your mother, Minnie, and should be very glad to keep you with me, but not if your duty lies in another direction. Consider the subject well, dear, for your husband's sake and your own," said this good woman as she went softly out, leaving me to the repose I so much needed.

But her words dwelt in my mind.

"For my husband's sake." Had *he* considered *me* when he outraged my womanly pride and self-respect? "It was his own work, his own," I repeated, over and over again. The downy bed was a couch of thorns to me. Rest! would there be any more rest for me in this world?

On the eighth day Mrs. Lander asked me what decision I had come to.

"Remember, Minnie, it rests wholly with yourself. Will you go or stay?"

"I will stay."

It was all settled then. I was to be her companion and confidential attendant, with sundry privileges and a liberal salary.

Mrs. Lander travelled a great deal, and of course I was with her constantly. We journeyed leisurely through the country, seeing the best that was to be seen wherever we went, and in the following summer made the tour of the watering-places.

So the months passed on, but I never saw or heard from John. It was not to be supposed that I *would* ever hear of or from him. He doubtless thought me dead—or worse. Very likely did not care which.

Only once in all that weary time a thought of what might have been broke down the bulwarks of pride. It was while driving through the suburbs of a great city that I passed a tiny cottage, nestled among trees and flowering shrubs. While I was looking and admiring, a pretty young woman ran out with a baby in her arms to meet her husband. I saw the young father kiss his child, and pass an arm about his wife's waist as they all went into the house together. It was a dreary thought that in all the years to come, no baby's innocent head would ever lie on my bosom as its rightful resting-place.

In the course of our wanderings we came, Mrs. Lander and I, to L——, the city to which I had once come a bride; the city from which, six months afterward, I went in the silence of night, an insulted and degraded wife, —insulted in my love, degraded by the vile suspicions of my husband. The very streets had a cheery, familiar aspect, like the *face* of an old friend, and a great longing took possession of me to look once more upon the house that had been Eden to me in days gone by.

It was at twilight of a lovely day in early autumn, that, closely veiled, I took my way toward the block that I remembered so well. Groups of children were playing on the pavement as I passed slowly along. Some of them I knew, but most were strangers. But the house, *the* house—my heart gave a great bound and then stood still as I caught sight *of* it. It did not seem changed in the least. The same blinds were at the windows, the same vines trailed over the white wall, the same chrysanthemums bloomed in the yard.

The front door stood open, but no one was in sight. Involuntarily as I passed, I reached out my hand to break off a branch from the rose-bush that leaned over the fence. I heard the low whine of a dog, a patter of feet on the gravelled walk inside, and bounding over the top of the gate, which was closed, came Ponto, wriggling himself into unheard-of shapes in his joy at seeing me once more. I could have hugged the dear, faithful old fellow; but that would inevitably have attracted attention, so I only patted his head, and called him by name in a low tone, while he jumped about and upon me wild with delight.

A gentleman came to the door, and seeing the strange behavior of his favorite, hastened to call him off and apologize for the supposed rudeness. Though my veil was down, and it was growing dark, I knew John instantly. There was the same firm tread, the same kingly face, and his voice had the old, sweet tone as he begged my pardon for the annoyance his dog had caused me.

"He was not accustomed to act so," he said; "and if the offence was ever repeated he should be chained up."

It was evident enough that he did not recognize me, which was not strange, as he could not see my face, and I had not spoken yet.

"There is no need of apology," I replied, trying to steady my voice so that it should not betray me. "Ponto didn't know that he was doing any harm."

I saw his face whiten; saw the startled, eager look in his eyes as he took one step toward me and held out his hands. I dared not trust myself farther, and with a hurried bow passed on.

Two days after, sitting idly in my room at the hotel, with the evening paper in my hand, a paragraph under the head of "Accidents" caught my eye. It read:

"A large building, in process of erecting, on the corner of Hale and Walnut streets, fell to-day, burying several persons in the ruins. Two workmen, named Williams and Roberts, were killed instantly. Their bodies have been taken out and given to their friends. Two others, Mr. George Millbank and Mr. John Carson, though terribly crushed, are still alive, and may possibly recover. Mr. Carson was taken to his home on —— street, and Mr. Millbank to the Sister's Hospital."

I stopped to read no more, and an hour later I stood at the door of my old home.

The hired nurse who was in attendance came forward with a caution and remonstrance as I entered; but at the announcement, "I am Mr. Carson's wife," he stepped back respectfully.

John had opened his eyes at sound of my voice, and smiled now faintly, as I bent over him.

"Is it Minnie, my little wife, come back to me? No, that cannot be. I drove her from me with cruel words, and she said that not all the wealth of the world, not the joys of heaven itself would tempt her to live with me again. I am only dreaming, as I was the other night when I thought I saw her," and then the lids dropped wearily again.

"You are not dreaming, John," I said. "I am Minnie, and I love you. Do you want me to stay?"

His eyes flashed open with a living joy. Such a look as came into his face!

"You love me, dear, after the great wrong I did you?"

For all answer I laid my head down on the pillow beside his. I was crying so that I could not speak. He put his arm; the one that was not injured about my neck, and once more I felt my husband's kisses on my lips.

"You're the best and dearest woman in all the world, my precious, precious wife." And so we were reconciled.

It was many weeks before I permitted him to tell me how that great misunderstanding of our married life had arisen.

"The man I trusted like a brother deceived me most bitterly. He showed me letters written in a hand so much like yours, that at last I became convinced that you were false to me. I was a coward to doubt you at all, but I was mad, I think—mad with jealousy. But I loved you, Minnie, even while I wronged you. I loved you first, last, best, always; and I can never tell you what agonies of remorse I suffered when I found that my words had driven you out in the darkness of night, homeless and friendless. I left no means untried to find you, but it was all of no avail. Six months ago Willson Clarke died, and just at the last he confessed that those letters were forgeries. He had done it, he said, to punish me for winning you from him, and to punish you for accepting me after he had been rejected."

John is beside me now, a well man, handsome and strong as ever; and there is a baby on my breast—a tiny boy, with his *father's* eyes, and the name I love best on earth, John Algernon Carson.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY VERNET.

The Ant Bear.

Notwithstanding a lately published protest against the learned, scientific technicalities of Natural History in such "scraps" as these, I have within these three days been asked as many times—"Why, sir, don't you give us genus, order, species, family, etc., etc.?"

Because neither the readers or publishers of THE POST want these superfluities, if I had them to give—which I confess I have not always. My purpose is to give my half, or two-thirds of a column "scrap," in plain English—saying precisely what I know, and no more. If you are content to take the Ant Bear on such conditions—here he is.

One of the mistakes of Nature, is the South American *Ant Bear*. I think he is such, as it is rather a difficult matter to determine why Nature, in *her* sober senses, should ever have intentionally created so uncouth an animal monster.

If the Brazilian Ant Eater were only a pea green, at a side view twenty yards distant, he would resemble very nearly a pair of leaves of the Mexican *cactus*, one growing out from the other end wise, and the two joined together by a slender connection. In *fact*, the Ant Bear, and his *tail* are so nearly alike, that at a little distance they represent two distinct animals—the tail end of course wanting the short legs, and long snout, to make it an exact copy.

The full-grown Brazilian and Paraguayan animal stands two feet, two or three inches, in height, with a body that would be tolerably correctly represented in shape by a pumpkin seed. From one end of this odd animal structure grows out the immense tail, of the same shape, and in the variety I am describing, of the same size as the animal itself; though the structure of the appendage is very different from that of the body. The shape of the tail is given by immensely long bristles growing downwards and upwards from a flatish fat tail, not unlike the beavers, only four times longer. The bristles diminish either way, so as to give the tail the pumpkin seed shape, and the tail is joined to the bear, by a comparatively small link of bone, flesh and muscle.

At the other end of the animal—without even the rudiments of a neck, projects the head, which would be best represented as to shape by the head of one of our North American *rail-splitter* breed of hogs, having a miniature elephant's trunk extension. The Ant Eater's head is literally a wedge—a round one, with small, round, erect ears, placed near the top of the head, and far back from the eyes, which are very small, a dull, indolent black in color, and always two-thirds closed.

The legs are short, thick, and muscular, and the feet are divided into three great toes, each one armed with an immense claw, crooked, hard, and sharp as the talons of the sea eagle.

But the tongue is the most curious feature about the animal. It is perfectly round, flexible, and terminates in a hard, bony, barbed point as sharp as the keenest lancet. The Ant Bear has the faculty of thrusting out this tongue—spear, perhaps two feet, with a motion as rapid as lightning, and he rarely fails to impale his victim upon its point. The mouth is rather a kind of *sucker*, like that of the lamprey, with flexible lips, and is so small that it would scarcely admit the thumb of an ordinary-sized man.

The habits of the Ant Bear are as singular

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FORÉST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.	LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.
FLORENCE PERCY, Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.	MRS. MARY A. DENISON.
MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, Author of "This, That, and the Other."	MARY J. ALLEN.
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD, Author of "Eve Isle," &c.	S. ANNIE FROST.
MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c.	EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
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ELEANOR C. DONNELLY, Author of "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," &c.	CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.
BELLA Z. SPENCER, Author of "Ora," &c.	SOPHIE MAY.
MRS. M. F. TUCKER.	MRS. ANNA BACHE.
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c.	ANNIE F. KENT.
MRS. ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.	"AUNT ALICE."
AUGUST BELL, Author of "Antagonisms," &c.	FRANCES H. SHEFFIELD.
CLARA AUGUSTA.	PHILA. H. CASE.
MISS A. L. MUZZEY.	HARRIET W. STILLMAN.
BEATRICE COLONNA, Author of "Told by the Sun, &c."	CHARLES MORRIS.
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"COSMO," Author of "South American Sketches."	IRENE BOYNTON.
	MISS H. S CORRY.
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	AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."
	BARBARA JOHNS.
	BELLE ST. AUBYN.
	MISS A. FORESTIER.
	EDWIN R. MARTIN.
	SARA J. RUMSEY.
	T. J. CHAMBERS, &c., &c., &c.

All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the

LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

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☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. *Of course* the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add *other* names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

as his appearance. His chief subsistence is ants, but he will suck eggs like a crow if they fall in his way, and occasionally feeds on snails, such fruits and berries. He is a solitaire, and in the sandy regions along the eastern base of the Andes and Brazilian mountains, he is found regularly distributed, having an ant territory exclusively to himself.

First, with his strong claws, he scoops out a hole in the sand, and then, with his queer brush of a tail, he fashions the hole into a regular sand funnel, down the steep sides of which the unsuspicious ant tumbles head long the moment he blunders heedlessly within its rim, and there he is a prisoner and inevitable prey to the insatiable *Ant Bear*, who with his long, flexible tongue, spears him out at leisure.

As many of these Andean ants are quite as large as our North American humble bee, and their numbers immense, the *Ant Eater*, with his down pits, almost always makes for himself a very comfortable living.

The animals mate once a year and remain *en famille*, until the young bears are able to spear their own food; which they can do in about two weeks after their birth.

Anecdote of General Putnam.

Putnam's early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation in life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting"—a cruel and useless custom. The hunts for nests were followed in company, and Putnam was always the leader.

On one occasion, he and his companions came across a fine nest, which lodged on a frail branch of a very high tree. There was no way of reaching the nest, except by climbing, (which was very difficult,) and venturing out on the branch, which, nine chances to one, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture. Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence for some moments, and at length said:—

"I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles round that can get that nest."

All agreed with him.

"I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket, and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

His companions attempted to dissuade him, but to no purpose. Go he would.

"I'll fancy that one of the king's strongholds," said Putnam, "and may I be squeezed if I don't take it."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained. Putnam placed his foot upon it, and it creaked. He ventured a foot further; the limb bent low, and a warning murmur rose from the boys below. He put his knee to the branch, and reached toward the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished-for prize, and just as he cried, "I've got it," the limb broke clear off, and he fell—but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower limbs, and his head hung downwards.

"Put, are you hurt?" asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted heart; "but sorely puzzled how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb, because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Aye, and smother me in the smoke. That won't do."

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marksman, and who afterwards fought bravely at Putnam's side. Him Putnam addressed:—

"Jim Randall! there's a ball in your rifle?"

"Yes."

"Do you see that a very little limb holds me here?"

"I do."

"Fire at it."

"What! to cut you down?"

"Of course."

"But I might strike your head."

"*Shoot!* Better blow out my brains than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. *Shoot!*"

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall! *will you fire!*"

The sharp crack of the rifle rang through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised, but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it. Drawing the nest from his pocket, he said—

"Here is that nest; I said I would have it, and I was determined no one should see me fall."

The same indomitable and daring spirit was displayed in his after life, in endeavoring to secure liberty for his country. His name is carved high and indelibly in the temple of Fame, with that of Washington, Warren, Stark, Allen, Prescott, and Lafayette.

Great Expectations.

A husband (himself perfect, of course,) thus sketches what he dreams he deserves: "A woman whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair, and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and ravelled edges, slip-shod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds, and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we all worship in the backward distance."

☞ The following is a *verbatim* report of a speech delivered at a religious meeting in a town in Massachusetts, by a good, pious deacon. It is a queer combination of terms, certainly: "My female brethren; it is of the most infi-nightest importance that we should all be clothed in white rements!"

☞ A curious law case has been tried in France, to discover who was the rightful owner of a well. Swearing and complication were going on about the matter, to a lengthy extent, when the judge, astonished, exclaimed: "But this is all about a little water. What can it matter so very much, that you should both put yourselves to so much trouble and expense about it?" "Monsieur," replied one of the advocates, drily, "The pleaders are both of them wine merchants." The value and significance were seen at once, and created a roar of laughter.

The Painter of the Graces.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A. FORESTIER.

Kaufman, the court painter of the bishop of Chur, was mounted on a high scaffolding within the church of the little village of Schwarzenberg, busily engaged decorating the sacred walls. It was with particular delight that the diligent artist betook himself to his task, for this little town, within the beautiful forest of Bregrenze, was his native home, and among the dwellers of the valley he reckoned many kinsfolk. It was for this reason that he had brought with him his young daughter Angelica. She was but seventeen, this young girl, but already she was an industrious helpmate to her father, and now vied with him in her designs in fresco. From her earliest infancy the lovely child had given evidence of the most brilliant talent and the most ardent zeal for Art, which the grandeur of Nature, and the enchanting shores of Lake Como, where she frequently sojourned, nourished and strengthened. The constant dwelling upon the scenes of that delicious clime, with its romantic villas and exquisite statuary, had awakened within her heart a sense of beauty at a time when the artificial and tasteless alone prevailed. With watchful love the judicious father had guided the highly gifted maiden, who also possessed decided talent for Music; and who, by the charm and loveliness of her whole nature, captivated all who knew her. Exquisite grace hovered around the delicate, slender form, and in the tender, thoughtful face was revealed the genial artist soul, combined with modest womanliness. In Milan, where her father removed after a time, she received from him and from the great Master of Lombardy her artistic education. The creations of the immortal Leonardo di Vinci indeed exercised a great influence on her development, and decided chiefly the after tendency of her style. Beyond all else, however, Nature and the Antique were her teachers, and formed her into the "Painter of the Graces."

And now Angelica was painting jointly with her father the heads of the Apostles, which may still be seen upon the walls and ceiling of the village church of Schwarzenberg. She was working with such zeal that she scarce noticed the setting of the sun, whose parting rays cast a stream of radiance around her. At her lofty post, hanging as it were midway between earth and heaven, and transfigured by the golden light, the lovely maiden, in her unconscious beauty, looked herself the image of a saint. The bell in the tower rung the vesper chime, involuntarily Angelic dropped her brush and clasped her hands in earnest prayer. Through the open church door the lofty mountains, with their purple, gold and violet glittering peaks, the green meadows of the fruitful valley and the still forest peeped in. Round about the deepest silence reigned, broken only by the spirit-like murmuring of the far off brook, and the tick-tack of the mill down in the dale. It was a picture of the most perfect peace, the most holy repose.

"Is it not beautiful here?" the father asked of the young girl, who sat spell-bound by the loveliness around.

"O wondrously beautiful!" Angelica replied.

"I was born here, I could die here," he continued, pointing to the calm church yard, "rest here amongst my people."

The father's words met with a sympathetic echo in Angelica's soul. She knew little or nothing of the great world without, and yet at this moment she felt a strange foreboding of the struggles and trials that there awaited her. She hesitated whether she would not prefer the calm of this peaceful valley to the storms on the restless sea of life. This wish was strengthened by the thought of the love which here met her on all sides, not only from her relatives, but from the villagers. She was in fact treated with the highest consideration. Even now, as she came out of the church hanging on her father's arm, she was surrounded by friends and companions, all of whom looked up to her with affection and wonderment, and was borne by them in a sort of impromptu triumphal procession to her home. Young men and maidens, proud of their relation and friendship to the artiste, carried her flowers and garlands, lovely children handed her dainty little baskets filled with fragrant forest berries, while the older people greeted her with warm, kindly pressures of the hand. Many a worthy, well-to-do man looked significantly upon the beautiful young girl, and longed to weave chains around her to detain her in the valley, but a certain shyness of the gifted painter would always seal their lips. Yet on every face around her she could read the wish: "Stay with us, forsake us not again!"

But a mightier tie than that of love of friendship was Angelica's love for her Art, her longing for the ideal ever hovering around her. So soon as the church was finished, she bade farewell to her relations, to the dearly loved villagers, and to the forest of Bregrenze, which she was destined not to see again for a long, weary time. She forsook the quiet valley and repaired first to Florence, then to Rome, and there the fresh, lovely maiden excited the greatest attention and amazement through her talents and her charms. In a short time her modest studio became a rendezvous for all the Art-lovers and eminent strangers who tarried in the seven-hilled city. Wealthy English, Swedes and Russians heaped upon her lucrative orders and commissions. Roman princes and English lords did homage to Angelica's beauty and talents, but she ever preferred the intercourse with artists and savans to the enticing allurements of society, and ever preserved, even when at the summit of her prosperity, the modesty and simplicity of the forest maiden.

Her favorite associate was the celebrated Winckelmann, who, like herself, was filled with the most ardent love for Art, and whose classical writings, like Lessing's "Laocoon," instituted a new epoch in taste and æsthetics. With sparkling eyes, Angelica sat at the feet of the eloquent master, drinking in his genial words, when with astonishing penetration and fascinating enthusiasm he would disclose to her the spirit of the past and point to the ideal beauty of antiquity, displayed in the most important works of the Grecian masters. Very often she visited with him the ruins of Rome, the mighty Coliseum and the Pantheon, or the crowded galleries. They stood entranced before the Apollo of Belvidere, the Ludovisischen Juno, the gods and heroes of a more beautiful world than ours, which Angelica hoped to revive with her colors. After each fresh inducement to zeal, she would hasten home to her studio and create her celebrated pictures, such as the inspired "Sappho," the proud "Stephanide," and the dying "Alceste," which at the present day excite and merit our highest admiration.

Beautiful and celebrated, distinguished by her talents and her charms, honored and esteemed by the first people of the day, Angelica seemed indeed one to be envied amongst thousands. Fortune smiled upon her darling, and scattered over her horns of plenty in lavish profuseness. But arrived at the highest step of her existence, even this favored being must feel the sorrows of life from which no distinguished mortal is free. Whilst in Rome, Angelica had made the acquaintance of the illustrious Lady Fervort, from London, and found in her an influential friend and patron. Earnestly solicited to return with her to England, Angelica had resisted every entreaty, because she did not wish to be parted from her family, although she knew a brilliant reception awaited her in London. It was not until Lady Fervort obtained for her the highly honorable commission to paint the royal family, that she resolved to undertake the long talked-of journey, in company with her noble friend. Yet although her reception in London far exceeded even her expectations, and tokens of honor were lavished upon her, she could not avoid a feeling of sorrowful foreboding. She gave expression to her sentiments in a letter to her family, in the following characteristic words:

"They are very kind to me here, yet I could not easily be persuaded to remain permanently. Home is ever in my mind, and thither my heart turns. May the Holy Spirit guide me!"

The amiable artiste was soon universally known and esteemed throughout London. The proud, hitherto-closed houses of the English aristocracy opened their doors to her, and the first circle of the metropolis did honor to her. Her modesty disarmed the envy of her contemporaries in Art, and even the proud and celebrated court painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was so greatly attracted by the beautiful maiden, that without hesitation he offered her his hand. Although he was President of the Academy, possessed an enormous fortune, and occupied a position of the highest consideration, Angelica rejected his honorable proposals, because she felt no love for him, and worldly possessions alone had no attractions for her. Through her refusal, however, she made an enemy of the vain, easily angered artist, particularly as some mischief-making tattlers strengthened him in the supposition that his want of personal beauty was Angelica's only ground of objection. Deeply wounded, he determined to have revenge, in view of which he designed a plan which was as diabolical as refined.

About this time, Angelica formed the acquaintance, in London society, of a Swedish Count Hurn, who, by his remarkable beauty, his worldly tact, and the elegance of his whole bearing, had been enabled to obtain admission into the highest circles, where he played quite an important *rôle*. With delicate, captivating courtesy, he approached the youthful artiste, marking her before all others. His attentions flattered her maidenly vanity, whilst the cloak of mystery in which, either from design or from necessity, he was veiled, excited her curiosity, and awakened within her a lively interest in him. She received his visits unhesitatingly, since the first houses of London, as she was well aware, stood open to him. The stranger, then, with his fascinating manners, found little difficulty in gradually weaving his snares round the unguarded heart of the inexperienced girl. She succumbed to the demoniac witchery of the accomplished deceiver, and finally, although not without much resistance, she consented to marry him secretly, which he assured her was necessary on account of his high family.

Her relation to Count Hern, however, in spite of every precaution became known. Her friends suspected that all was not right, and alas, too late, made inquiries about the mysterious stranger. The result was annihilating to Angelica, her trustful confidence had been misplaced, her love was shattered. The supposed Count Hern proved to be a—common adventurer, a runaway valet who had stolen the papers of his deceased master and appropriated his name. And to make the cup of disgrace full, it turned out that the bold swindler had been married before, and that his first wife was still living. When the villian found himself unmasked he threw out mysterious hints of having some singular information to impart, in view of which he extorted several hundred pounds. After obtaining the sum demanded he confessed that Sir Joshua Reynolds had first given him the idea of approaching Angelica, and had provided him with the necessary money and letters of introduction to play a *rôle* in London society.

The court of justice declared her marriage with the adventurer to be null and void, and his early death left Angelica entirely free. Her unmerited fate met with the warmest sympathy, and she received proofs that she had not lost in esteem and recognition. Several distinguished men after this sued for her hand, but she resolutely declined all offers. Her heart was too deeply wounded, her existence too entirely broken to allow her to think yet of new ties. In Art alone she henceforth sought compensation for her sorrows for the deep, bitter experiences of life. Although her sojourn in England was very advantageous in a lucrative point of view; and though she had been appointed a member of the Royal Academy of Art, in the year 1782 she returned to Rome. Here, beneath the blue sky of Italy, in the midst of her family, the deep wounds of her heart gradually healed, and if her former cheerfulness and youthful freshness were gone forever, still her gentleness and the lofty flights of her spirit charmed her friends. The tragic history had tended to ennoble her character, and to strengthen and enlarge her talent by mental earnestness.

Angelica was forty years old when, yielding to the wishes of her old, sickly father, she gave her hand after repeated solicitations, to his tried friend, the Italian painter Zucchi. She never had cause to regret this second choice, for Zucchi was one of the most excellent men in the world, and seemed only to live for her and her happiness. Once more her house in Rome became the intellectual rendezvous of a select and distinguished circle. Here the first men of the day repaired, even Goethe during his residence in Italy. In her studio the great poet read aloud to her, her husband and Hofrath Reiffenstein, his just completed "Iphigenia," and "the tender soul of Angelica received the piece with incredible fervor." She promised to make him a painting from this, and selected for this purpose the moment when Orestes finds himself near his sister and his friend. Another time Goethe arranged a concert in honor of Angelica, which had never before happened in the theatre, in order to make her acquainted with Cimarosa. Concert-master Kranz from Weimar, a skillful violinist, who had obtained permission to cultivate himself in Italy, conducted the whole affair. Among the invited guests were Angelica and her husband, Hofrath Reiffenstein, Messrs. Jenkins and Volpato, and many other distinguished strangers and residents of Rome.

"The hall was finely adorned," says Goethe, "refreshments brought from the neighboring cafe, and the concert passed off brilliantly. It was a glorious night, and beneath the open windows a crowd of people had assembled who applauded the singing as industriously as though they were inside the theatre. The most pleasing of all was this, a great wagon filled with an orchestra of amateurs, which was going the rounds of the city, came to a halt before the window, and after loudly applauding the efforts within, a bass voice took up one of the favorite arias of the opera we were representing in parts and sang it through, accompanied by the full orchestra. We replied from within by loud clapping, to which the people without added their share, and every one declared that though they had taken an impromptu part in many an evening's pleasure, they had never seen one so perfectly and entirely successful."

Thus the artiste's life grew ever more and more pleasing, and her fame spread far and wide. Poets, like Klopstock and Gessner, celebrated the name of Angelica in their songs. Goethe himself reckoned her acquaintance amongst the finest acquisitions he had made in Rome, and the hours spent with her as the happiest, most profitable of his sojourn in Italy. He characterises her paintings in the following words:

"The cheerful, light, pleasing in form, color, design and execution, is the prevailing characteristic of the works of our artiste. No living painter excels her in gracefulness of representation, or in taste and capability in wielding the brush."

Within the boundary lines drawn by her sex and the nature of her talents, Angelica acquired a rare perfection; and if it was denied her tender sense of beauty to transport the soul of the beholder with a weird power, to excite or to elevate, she called forth instead a feeling of calm repose, of tender emotion, of quiet pleasure, by the spiritual delicacy and graceful lines of her creations. Thus in every respect she merited the title she acquired, "The Painter of the Graces." She occupies a still more significant position in the history of Art, inasmuch as she turned back to nature and the antique, thus paving the way to a purer tendency of taste, helped to destroy the growing style of the day, and set aside the academic elaborations and aberrations. In this respect she stands honorably at the side of Asmus Karstens. Both, by the resuscitation of the classic ideal, have pointed out to modern Art the only true path, and by conjuring up the spirit of antiquity have awakened the genius of the present from its long sleep. As Lessing and Winckelman theoretically, so have Angelica, Kaufmann and Karstens practically introduced a new epoch.

Once more, and in the evening of her eventful life, too, must Angelica feel the changeful tide of fortune. In the year 1795 her husband died, and she lost in him her best friend. Her pecuniary concerns, too, were much affected by the French revolution. The great political changes withdrew for a while the interest heretofore felt in Art, the distinguished strangers left Rome, and with them vanished their lucrative commissions. But Angelica bore this reverse with dignity; she knew well how to alter her style of living and moderate her wants, and the loss of worldly goods could not trouble the peace of her soul. Her Art yet remained to her, and in it she found consolation and peace. Until her death, which took place in the year 1807, she preserved her early fondness for work, and a rare freshness of spirit. She lived on in the memory of a beautiful past. After her death her bust was placed in the Pantheon of Rome, and in our day the name of the lovely artiste is mentioned with the highest esteem in the history of Art.

MAX RING.

Cure for Cholera.

A. M. Aranson has arrived at Marseilles with a letter of recommendation to the doctors of the hospital from imperial quarters, and he has consequently been allowed to practise his system of cure for cholera, which seems to have been marvellously successful. The principle, as far as it can be stated in a few words, is, that M. Aranson believes that cholera produces a superabundance of oxalic acid in the system. The effort is, then, to prevent the production of these soluble oxalates—to do which he administers alkaline salts, such as bi-carbonate of soda, which, coming into contact with oxalic acid, decomposes it, forming an oxalate of soda—an insoluble salt, which is innoxious to the sufferer. Something of the same idea was hinted at by an eminent English physician a few years since; and, as it is simple, and there is no harm in bi-carbonate of soda in any condition, it is not a dangerous thing to have the remedy at hand, in travel or at home, in case of eventualities.

FLESH DIET FOR FAT PEOPLE.—Mr. John M. Towner, of Putnam county, N. Y., weighed, two years ago, three hundred and twenty pounds. He then took to eating meat, without potatoes, milk, tea, or coffee. The consequence is that his weight is reduced to two hundred pounds. He eats fruit, turnips, beets, or any vegetables which have in them no starchy deposit. His health has improved, and he is able to do work which has for years been impossible to him on account of his extreme obesity. Let fat people take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

FAME.—Of present fame think little and of future less; the praises that we receive after we are buried, like the posies that are strewed over our grave, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead; the dead are gone either to a place where they hear them not, or where, if they do, they will despise them.—*Colton.* The way to fame is like the way to Heaven—through much tribulation.—*Sterne.*

☞ Two men, while racing on horseback, in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday week, came in contact with a clothes line, which, catching one of them in the neck, killed him instantly.

☞ Oftentimes, a girl says "no" to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means "yes." The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from [illegible] 120 Cows brought from $30 to 65 ⅌ head. [illegible] head were disposed of from [illegible] 6000 Hogs at from $13,50 to 15,50 ⅌ 100 lbs.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is probably the largest and best conducted ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship, and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best cutters are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited. oct 14-3m

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

sep30-3m

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is dull. The week's sales reach 10,000 bbls, mostly to the trade, at $8@8.75 for low and good superfine; $9@9,75 for extras; $9,50@10,50 for northwest extra family; $10,50@11 50 for Penna and western do, and $12@13 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour—Sales at $7@7,50 ⅌ bbl Of Buckwheat Meal sales at $5,50@5,75 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—There is not much Wheat offering. The week's sales reach about 20,000 bushels, chiefly reds, at $2,20@2,40 for fair to prime quality, closing at $2,20@2,25 for new; white is scarce and prices nearly nominal at $2,50@2,90. Rye is selling at $1,05@1,20 for common to prime. Corn—About 25,000 bus found buyers at 87@80c for yellow, and 80c for white. Oats—Sales of 35,000 bus southern at 52@50c.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product is quiet but steady; of bbld meats the sales are in a retail way only at $35@36 for Mess Pork and $14@15 ⅌ bbl for Mess Beef. Bacon is quoted at 26@30c for Hams, 22@23c for Sides and 20@21c for Shoulders. Green meats; sales of Shoulders at 19@19½c, and bulk Sides at 20c. Lard finds ready sale at 28@29c ⅌ lb for tierce. Butter; sales at 30@40c for common to prime packed and 45@50c for roll, including Goshen at 45@50c. Cheese is taken at 17@19c for Western and New York state. Eggs are bringing 35@37c ⅌ dozen.

COTTON.—Some 2,400 bales have been disposed of at 55@61c for low and good middling quality.

BARK.—Sales 120 hhds Quercitron are reported at $32½ for 1st No. 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX is selling at about 50c ⅌ lb.

COAL.—Is dull. Sales at $10@10,50 ⅌ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE.—Sales Rio and Laguayra at 20@22½, gold.

FEATHERS are quoted at 90@100c.

FRUIT.—The sales are confined to Apples and Cranberries, at $5@7 for the former, and $11@14 per bbl. for the latter.

HAY is selling at $16@19 ⅌ ton.

HOPS are selling at $35@60, the latter for prime new.

IRON continues scarce. Sales Pig Metal at $52@53 for Forge and Foundry, the latter for good No. 1.

LUMBER.—The demand is active. We quote White Pine at $30@60, and Yellow Sap Boards at $27@28 ⅌ M.

OILS.—Petroleum—The market is dull and lower at 36@37c for crude, 57@61 for refined, in bond, and 78@83c for free.

PLASTER.—We quote soft at $3,50 ⅌ ton.

RICE.—Sales at 9½@10c for Rangoon and 12@12½c for Carolina.

SEEDS.—The demand for Cloverseed is less active. Prime is selling at $8,50. Flaxseed sells at about $3.10 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum is selling at $2,45. Whiskey; sales Penna and Western bbls at $2,35@2,37, the latter for Western.

SUGARS are dull; about 250 hhds have been disposed of at about 13c, gold, and 14c, currency, for Cuba.

TALLOW.—Sales of rendered at 14@14½c.

WOOL.—The market is unchanged but quiet, with a moderate business to note, chiefly medium and fine fleece at 70@77c. Choice clips are scarce and held higher, and low Wools neglected and very dull at 60@65c. Tub ranges at 70@75c. Yarn are steady at 135@150c ⅌ lb.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of Oct., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Heller to Miss Mary Sailor, both of this city.

On the 22d of Oct., by the Rev. G. W. Jerome, William F. Schlereder to Miss Ann L. Grover, both of Stockton, N. J.

On the 19th of Oct., by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, D. D., Mr. Charles J. B. Finney to Lizzie A. Nagle, daughter of Dr. G. L. Nagle, of this city.

On the 3rd of Oct., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Charles H. Baldwin, U. S. N., of Fall River, Mass., to Emma L., daughter of Aug. Pouet, U. S. N., of this city.

On the 5th of Oct., by the Rev. Chas. H. Murray, Mr. John Newson to Miss Mary Moss, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of Oct., Amelia, wife of Alfred Wright, of Salem, Ohio.

On the 20th of Oct., Henry A. Baker, in his 65th year.

On the 24th of Oct., Thomas W. Howell, in his 26th year.

On the 23d of Oct., George Sheberts, in his 36th year.

On the 23d of Oct., Jesse Jenkins, in his 79th year.

On the 22d of Oct., Capt. Thomas A. Myers, in his 61st year.

On the 22d of Oct., Joseph Hartley, aged 61 years.

On the 21st of Oct., Joseph Albertson, Sr., in his 60th year.

On the 21st of Oct., Wesley S. Mann, in his 54th year.

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Grandma's Portrait is the title of a very taking Steel Engraving in the November number of this favorite monthly. It is a household scene, and one of the youngsters is drawing Grandma's picture on the wall. The double colored steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb. Love versus Flirtation is the title of the next engraving, which illustrates an interesting story of the same name. Then we have a number of engravings, devoted to the fashions, new hats, head-dresses, lady's and boy's suits, &c. For the Music we have this time a Gallop from Mireille. The fine story, "Told by the Sea," is continued in this number. We give the

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and *Braider*. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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PRESTIDIGITATION;

Or, MAGIC MADE EASY,—A New Book, just out. The most complete book on Legerdemain, Sleight of Hand, &c., ever published. Nothing like it. It tells how to cut a man's head off, and put it a yard from his body; how to cut off your nose; how to eat fire; Laughing Gas; Rope-tying Feat; the Wonderful Hat; and nearly 200 other astounding Magical, Chemical, and Optical performances of the best Magicians, Wizards, and Prestidigitateurs. 64 pages, with illustrated cover. Price only 20 cents; eight for $1—mailed free. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*
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CANCER.

A new and wonderful discovery, Dr. J. C. DIXON'S CANCER ANTIDOTE, which has already proved, in over five hundred cases, to be the most successful treatment for Cancer that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is indeed simple. This terrible disease is entirely removed in a solid mass, without the use of the knife, loss of blood, producing of pain, caustic burning, or affecting the sound parts. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; No. 796 Broadway, New York.
sep23-3m J. C. DIXON, M. D.

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SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of *Prof.* ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with *stamp*, Prof. B. H. ROBB,
oct28-4t Parkman, Ohio.

LADIES—NOTICE!

JOHN M. FINN,

S. E. COR. SEVENTH AND ARCH STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA,

HAS JUST OPENED,

AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES,

A full line of the following Goods:—
FRENCH LACE VEILS, from 50 cents up.
IMITATION AND REAL LACES. Also,
SMYRNA AND SAXONY LACES.
CRAPE COLLARS, large variety.
FRENCH COLLARS AND CUFFS, beautiful designs.
TOILET COVERS, of elegant patterns.
NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS, from $3 per pair up.
FULL LINE OF TABLE LINEN.
LADIES' AND GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS.

ALSO,

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

AS FOLLOWS:—
Plaid Cashmeres, 75 cents, selling fast.
All-wool Poplins, $1.25 to $1.50.
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All-wool Flannels.
Flannels, full line, cheap.
Crimson Opera Cloth.
Blankets, all sizes and grades, as low as $7.50 per pair.

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nov4-4t

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Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

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Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 20, 1865.

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Commencing Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot of Market street, upper ferry.

For Cape May, &c., at 9 30 A. M., Mail; 3 30 P. M., Passenger.

For Millville and Vineland, 9 30 A. M., Mail, and 3 30 P. M., Passenger.

For Bridgeton, Salem, &c., at 9 15 A. M., Mail, 4 P. M.

For Glassboro', &c., 9 30 and 9 15 A M., 3 30, 4 P. M.

For Woodbury, &c., 9 15 A. M., 3 30, 4 and 6 30 P. M.

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Cape May at 8 A. M., Mail; 5 P. M., Passenger.
Millville at 6 30 and 10 02 A. M.; 6 56 P. M.
Bridgeton at 6 40 A. M., Mail; 4 20 P. M., Passenger.
Salem at 6 25 A. M., Mail; 4 05 P. M., Passenger.
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J. VAN RENSSELAER, Superintendent West Jersey, Salem, and Cape May and Millville Railroad.

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Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1865. sep16-tf

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Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
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MUSTARD!!!

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First Invoice of GLORNEY MUSTARD, manufactured in the City of Dublin, Ireland, expressly for my sales, out of new seed. This Mustard ranks among the few articles of Irish manufacture that command a high place in the world—Dublin Poplin, Dublin Porter and Dublin Mustard have never been excelled. I quote from Mr. Glorney's letter: "We have fitted up twenty stamps additional, which we expect will be able to supply you, as it takes the whole mill machinery to supply the Irish, Scotch and English trade."

These Mills were established in 1810.

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Splendid NUTMEGS, pure and unadulterated Pepper, Allspice, &c. None other sold. A full assortment of Spices. The purity of these goods may be relied on.

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IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

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"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

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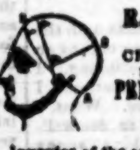

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. *Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.*

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no8-eowly

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REMARKABLE CURE OF STIFF KNEE BY ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.—*How* many persons, from stepping on a piece of orange peel, have been lamed for life. A case which might have been of this kind has just been brought to our notice. A gentleman, from placing the heel of his boot on a piece of orange peel, was suddenly thrown down, and violently sprained his knee. He was six months confined to the house, though he had the best medical advice. As a last resort a very eminent physician was called in to see if anything more could be done. After examination he said,—"My opinion is, your knee will never be bent again." He recommended that the whole leg and knee should be encased in a plaster of Paris bandage, which would accelerate the permanent stiffening of the knee, and said, "the sooner it was done the better." But the patient, before trying this application and having a stiff knee for life, enveloped it in our Porous Plasters, and in less than two months his knee was perfectly cured.

Principal Agency, Brandreth House, New York. By the yard or single plaster. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

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HARTMAN'S PATENT ELASTIC RUBBER CRUTCHES are pronounced by surgeons, medical men, and everybody else, to be the very best ever invented. They are easy and convenient, they prevent paralysis of the nerves, and are in all respects unrivalled. Price moderate. Send for circular of particulars. GEORGE W. LOVEJOY, M. D., No. 476½ Broadway, New York. sep30-3m

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Two Oratorical Specimens.

Speaking extemporaneously is rather difficult until you get used to it. A young lawyer in New Hampshire, who had never yet had a case in court, was invited to deliver an oration on the occasion of the dedication of a new bridge. It was a fine opportunity of establishing his reputation. He did not prepare himself, for he had an idea that that was unlawyer-like, and that a lawyer must be able to speak any number of hours in a style of thrilling eloquence at a moment's notice. He stood out upon the platform, and, amid the profound attention of his hearers, commenced as follows:

"Fellow citizens—Five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." He paused for a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused. [Cries of "Good, go on."] Here was the "rub." "I hardly feel it necessary to repeat that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was part and parcel of it now!"

Another orator we have heard of, in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said:

"*My Friends*—I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, fellow-citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of the son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say I was raised between two rows of corn."

"A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed an inebriate chap just in front of the stage.

To-Morrow.

On the Little Miami Railroad is a station called Morrow. A new brakeman on the road, who did not know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired:—

"Does this train go to Morrow, to-day?"

"No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day. You can go to-morrow, or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day, and come back to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave him the required information.

Down on the Whiskey Drinkers.

It was on one of the river steamers, at dinner, that an able, matronly lady, remarked, in the midst of conversation with a grave-looking gentleman, on the subject of temperance—

"Oh, of all things in the world, I despise whiskey drinkers!"

The gentleman dropped his knife and fork in the ardor of his feelings, extended his hand, and took hers within his own, and with emotion that threatened tears over the loss of ruined sons, he replied, with faltering words:

"Madame, I respect your sentiments and the heart that dictates them. I permit no one to go beyond me in despising whiskey drinking. I have been disgusted on this very boat, and I say it now before our captain's face. What, I say, can be more disgusting than to see well-dressed, respectable, virtuous-looking young men step up to the bar of this boat, and without fear of observing eyes, boldly ask for whiskey, when they know that there is in that very bar the best old Cognac brandy!"

SOMEWHAT VAGUE.—"A few years ago, in Ohio, there lived on a small stream called 'Duck Creek' a local preacher of the Methodist Church, by the name of Jacob Smith. His educational advantages had been somewhat slender; so that often in his preaching he 'murdered the King's English' by wholesale. On one occasion he was preaching in his own neighborhood, in 'Smith's meeting-house.' During the sermon some of the young Smiths indulged in bad behavior. He paused, drew himself up to his full height, and pointing his long, hard finger at them, exclaimed, 'What! will you cut up here in Smith's old meetin'-house, when there lies your grandmother (pointing through the window to the graveyard), what is the offspring of us all?'"

NOTA BENE.—A number of tourists, when they alight at an inn in the Highlands, are in the practice of scratching their names, &c., on the window-glass. A short time since, one of a party of four had written his own name and the names of his three companions, with the month and year in which they made their visit. Immediately under their names, and in quite a different hand (evidently by some wag,) is inscribed: "*Nota Bene.*—The whole of the above *were hanged for sheep stealing.*"

COULDN'T GO.—Uncle John Morris was a chronic toper. One day, while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and brought up in the corner of a worm fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along.

"Uncle John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"

"If I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John.

A LADY meeting in the street a gentleman who was frightfully ugly, took him by the hand, and led him to the shop of a statuary, to whom she said, "Just like this," and departed. The gentleman, astonished, asked the meaning of this. The statuary answered, "The lady has employed me to make the figure of the devil, and as I had no model, she promised to bring me one."

A BARRISTER having wearied the Court by a long and dull argument, the Judge suggested the expediency of his bringing it to a close. "I shall speak as long as I please," he replied. "You have spoken longer than you please already," retorted the Judge.

ABSENT OLD GENTLEMAN.—"Oh! Ha! Postman, eh? My name is—er—is—er—"
RURAL POSTMAN.—"All right, sir! Mr. Robinson. No letter for you, this morning, sir!"
ABSENT OLD GENTLEMAN.—"Deear me! Do you think there will be one—this afternoon?"

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

Enchanting girl! thy form so fair
In playful dreams around me dances;
Thy smile so bright, so free from care,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy jet-black hair,
My heart entrances.

But, oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,
With joy and innocence still gleaming;
The winged light scarce swifter flies
Than do the glances from those eyes,
With pleasure beaming.

I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That wooing thee might prove bewilderin';
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one thing—*a wife I've got,*
And six small children!

Imaginary Ills.

In confirmation of the oft-repeated fact, that a man frequently suffers as much from imaginary evils as real ones, we extract the following paragraph from a country paper:—A New England farmer started, one very cold day in winter, with his sled and oxen into the forest, a half a mile from home, for the purpose of chopping a load of wood. Having felled a tree, he drove the team alongside, and commenced chopping it up. By an unlucky hit he brought the whole weight of the axe across his foot, with a side-long stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as to nearly deprive him of all strength. He felt the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on to the sled, and started the oxen for home. As soon as he reached the door, he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter, with much effort, lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from the leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings, and removed the shoe and sock, expecting to see a desperate wound, when lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning, he had wrapped his feet in red flannel, to protect them from the cold; the gash laid this open to his view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power which attends a real wound followed.

STREET MUSIC.—Rossini, the great composer, has just published a declaration that he considers the appropriation of his melodies by the street organs a thing to be proud of. "Will it grind?" has long been the test question of a new air.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FALL FARM WORK.

There are in our country, and very generally distributed through all parts of it, a quite too numerous class of farmers, who having harvested and housed their season's crops, got in their winter grain and fuel, sit down quite comfortably to a do-little sort of life, seeming to imagine that there is very little that requires doing besides attending to their stock, going to mill, occasionally to market, and in the excess of idleness, perhaps once or twice too often to some political gathering at a country tavern.

"I have worked hard, and early and late, all through planting and cultivating, and haying and harvesting, I have secured all my crops, and got everything snug and comfortable. God has given us the winter season to rest our weary land—why not to us also—to rest our weary limbs!"

That is the way too many farmers argue, quite forgetting that God has given us all the night, the Sabbath, and a great many rainy, cold, stormy days as seasons of rest.

What if you have worked hard all through planting and haying, and harvest time? Haven't you been generously paid for it? If not, the fault has been your own. There has been something wrong in your management. As a rule the earth always pays liberally for hard work, thorough culture, and good management.

Why are you entitled to an intermission of labor during the late fall and winter months any more than the merchant or mechanic, who find no winter intervals of leisure? Thrift is never found in idleness, either in the workshop, the counting-house, or on the farm. Constant care and continual labor is surely the parent of independence as study is of education.

As a cultivator of the soil, you hold this advantage over the mechanic, artizan and trader. Nights, and Sundays, and holidays, do not put periods to your income. While you are asleep at church, or enjoying yourself at our country's birthday festival, your crops are growing, fruits ripening, and stock increasing in value. Even during that season you erroneously argue that rural progress is at a stand still, nature is industriously at work recuperating the wasted energies of the soil, silently and surely fitting it for next year's productiveness.

Then while nature is ever busy, and humanity in all other avocations industrious, do not consider yourself exempt from labor because your crops are all housed, the surface of the soil is bare of vegetation—Jack Frost, Esq., has encased the earth in a winter shell, and a superficial glance about your domain shows you nothing especial to be done.

Now, fellow farmers, of such a habit of argument and practice, your theory is a fallacy—a mistake. Just take a thorough, *live*, wide-awake look about your premises, and if you do not find several "chores" that need to be done, and were much better attended to now, or any time during your idle season than in the busy ones of "seed time and harvest," you are obstinately blind.

Follow along down the length of that line fence between the fifteen acre field you contemplate putting into corn in the spring, and neighbor Grazier's great pasture lot. There are seventeen posts very weak just at the surface of the ground. "Why, I declare, the posts are rotted entirely off!"

Yes, sir, rotted off, sure enough; have to come out of that, and new ones go in. Then there are about a hundred and fifty rails—several of them the top ones—broken-backed—some almost rotted off at the ends. Better prepare, and put in those posts and rails, during this idle season of yours, than to wait until Grazier's herd of half a hundred, half pastured young cattle makes a raid on your corn-field next summer, damaging you to the tune of a hundred and fifty dollars, and then be obliged to put up that fence in lawful condition in the very busiest of your harvesting.

There is the surface of that side hill pasture so paved with cobble stones that a sheep can scarcely wedge down its nose to nip a blade of grass; and then, down there at the foot of the slope, is that *four acres* of low, swaby land, too wet for cultivation, too cold and sour to produce more than a crop of straggling wild grass and weeds, not worth the cutting.

Now set to work and put three drains through that waste. There is a free out-let, and this is a capital time to cut drains. Nothing particularly to do, you know. Go down three feet deep at least with the ditches, and have them a foot wide at the bottom. Prepare two light stone boats, gear up a horse to each one, set John and the boys, who are not at school, to hauling the cobble stones down off that side hill, *chuck* the stones down into your ditch as evenly as you can, a foot in depth, fill in the earth, and there you have under drains quite as efficient as if laid down with tiles, besides you have improved that side hill pasture five hundred per cent., and the second season the chances are that you will harvest a crop of hay from that reformed swale that will more than pay all expenses for draining, besides a clear dividend of three dollars per day for every man, boy, and horse engaged upon the improvement.

There are a half-dozen huge, unsightly boulders marring the beauty of that fine field—occupying valuable space, and greatly interfering with your cultivation. If such material as those boulders are made of are valuable to you, procure three or four well-tempered hand drills, a hammer, a few pounds of blasting powder and fuse—*chisel* into the old fellows, and give them such a blowing up as shall drive them out of your way in a whiff.

Or if the rock material is valueless to you, and you would get them sooner and cheaper out of sight—set to work with spade and mattock—dig a grave "wide and deep," right alongside the nuisance, tumble in the old "dead-head," and bury him forever out of your sight.

Suppose you walk over at your earliest convenience—and please make the time as early as possible—take a look at that line of cross fence, back there towards the woods. There is a hundred and ten rods of "worm-fence," the lower rails sunk into the soil and all rotten, while every corner, the whole length of the line is so filled in with bushes, briars, and rank weeds that we should say there is not room for another "native."

Now there is nothing in the way of your setting that fence back a rod or so—cast out the rotten rails, supply their places with sound ones, place blocks or billets of wood under every corner so as to keep the lower rails up from contact with the earth. Build up and finish off the fence with stakes and riders, and then go at the bush and briar tangle with axe, bush hook and grubbing hoe—cut and slash, burn and destroy, until you have utterly exterminated the pests, root and branch. Next spring put in the plough in the new territory, and then the seed. Cultivate only as you do elsewhere, and you will have the most productive strip of soil on your domain.

There are at least a dozen boards, with one end flapping loose, and three or four of them just ready to fall off about the barn and stables. Then there is that left-hand leaf of the barn-door requires a half-day's tinkering. You can do it all just as well as any carpenter in town, and you are doing nothing else—don't see anything that requires doing particularly.

Get your hand-saw, hatchet and nails, and go at it. Tinker things up snug and comfortable. Learn to be handy and industrious during the season that you have been in the habit of considering your legitimate "hours of *idleness*." By the time you have achieved a few of these things very important in your rural economy, you will have taken on such habits of industry that you will very naturally begin to look about and hunt up fall and winter "chores" for yourself.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

EDITH'S PUDDING.

Cut from a stale loaf 2 slices of bread; make it into small pieces: put to warm one pint of milk; throw into it a pinch of salt, 2 tablespoonful white sugar, butter the size of an egg: while this is heating sufficiently to melt the butter, grate a lemon, and put by: squeeze the juice and pour it among the dry bread. Next pour the hot milk over the bread, and let it soak 1 hour. Then mash all to a pulp: have the yolks of 2 eggs beaten, and add. Butter a tin basin and pour it in: bake 20 minutes: meanwhile beat very light the whites with a little powdered sugar (when light,) and the grating of 1 lemon. Return to the oven ½ hour. Serve hot without sauce.

P. S. Good for tea, cold.

CARAMELS.

One cup milk, 2 of molasses, 1 of sugar, 1½ cakes chocolate, and butter the size of a hen's egg. Grate the chocolate, and stir it into the milk when boiling; then stir in gradually the other ingredients. Try it as you would molasses candy, and when properly boiled, spread it out in pans to cool, cutting it up in pieces ½ inch square. This is considered a very delicious kind of French confectionery.

PARADISE PUDDING.

Three eggs, 3 apples, ¼ lb. bread crumbs, 3 oz. sugar, 3 oz. currants, salt and nutmeg, the rind of ½ a lemon and juice, ½ wine-glass wine or brandy. Pare, core and mince the apples and mix: beat the eggs, moisten the mixture with these, and beat it well; stir in the brandy, and put the pudding in a buttered mould. Tie it down with a cloth, boil 1½ hour, and serve with sweet sauce.

Some hints on Saponofier and Soap. Saponofier is a great convenience in cities. To make

COLD PROCESS SOAP.

Put a box of saponofier into 2 quarts of hot water; when dissolved, add 5 lbs. hot grease, and stir constantly until it becomes thick and smooth as cream; then cover it well, and allow it to cool gradually; then it is done.

SAPONOFIER FOR GENERAL USE,

Such as to soften water, scour tins, clean windows, wash plates, &c., dissolve a block of the saponofier in 1 gallon of water, and pour off the clear solution into a jug or jar for use. To a tub of hard water add from a ½ of a gill to ½ pint, according to the degree of hardness in the water. A tablespoonful put into 3 or 5 gallons of hot water will effectually clean dishes, knives, forks, tins, and all sorts of cooking utensils, taking off the grease and dirt without the use of soap.

Selected.

ECONOMICAL PAINT.—Skim milk 2 quarts, fresh slackened lime 6 oz., linseed oil 6 oz., white burgundy pitch 2 oz., Spanish white 3 lbs. The lime to be slacked in water, exposed to the air, mixed in one-fourth of the milk: the oil in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added a little at a time; then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is sufficient for 27 square yards, 2 coats, and the expense not more than 25 cents.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM.—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling; it is difficult from the taste to distinguish it from rich cream.

BROWN BREAD PUDDING.—Take half a pound of stale brown bread grated, the same quantity of currants and shred suet, and a little nutmeg and sugar; add four eggs, a spoonful of brandy, and two spoonfuls of cream; boil in a basin or cloth full three hours.

COUGH SYRUP.—Take Iceland moss two ounces, four poppy heads, four tablespoonsful of barley, put in three pints of water; boil it down to two, and strain it. Add one pound of sugar. Dose, a tablespoonful whenever the cough is troublesome.

Another: Boil down thoroughwort to a thick syrup, and sweeten with molasses. This cures when other remedies fail.

VOLATILE LINIMENT.—This is a valuable preparation, to be rubbed on the skin as an external stimulant in sore throats, rheumatism, spasms, and kindred pains. After rubbing it well in, which should be continued for twenty minutes to half an hour, flannel should be wrapped around the afflicted part. Volatile liniment is made by mixing equal quantities of spirits of hartshorn and sweet oil; by adding to this mixture a teaspoon or two full of laudanum, the preparation will be much improved in its efficacy in relieving pain.

CRANBERRIES.—For every quart cranberries put 1 pound of white sugar: make a syrup first, skim it, and stew the cranberries; 1 dessert-spoonful of sup. car. soda put in after they are taken off the fire, takes off the acidity.

Cranberries are said to be nearly, or quite as good, if to 1 of stewed dried apples, 2 quarts of cranberries; or 1 of cranberries, and 2 apples.

Preserves keep with less cooking, if after being boiled awhile, they are taken out of their syrup and dried in the sun: the juice being put in glass jars, and standing also in the sun.

THE RIDDLER.

Scientific Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 20, 4, 12, 13, 14, are a kind of coral islands.
My 18, 17, 10, 8, 30, 12, 8, is one of the essential properties of matter.
My 4, 26, 25, 12, 26, 11, 17, is a strata in the transition period of the earth's history.
My 9, 15, 30, 22, is a botanic family of flowers.
My 7, 8, 9, 18, 24, is a nonmetallic element.
My 29, 26, 11, 25, 25, 6, 27, 10, 24, 30, is a division of plants.
My 16, 3, 17, 17, 10, 19, 16, is an order of land bird.
My 1, 17, 20, 21, 23, 28, is a term used in botany.
My whole is a phenomenon that has puzzled the greatest philosophers. CYRUS.
Conewago, Dauphin Co., Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Composed of 5 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 1, is a distance.
My 4, 3, 4, 5, is a flower.
My 1, 4, 3, is a gentleman's name.
My 2, 5, is a pronoun.
My 2, 1, is a pronoun.
My 4, 3, 2, 1, is used in building.
My whole is a lady writer for THE POST.
A. F. L.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is very swift.
My second is an exclamation of pain.
My whole belongs to every house. S. H. G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire I am composed of five letters.
My two first form the name of a parent.
My three last form an abbreviation.
Behead and curtail, and I am an animal.
Transpose, and I am a vegetable.
My third, fourth, second, and fifth, is a fruit.
Transpose, and it is a verb meaning *to cut down.*
Transpose again, and it is a planet.
Pea Ridge Farm, Ohio. EVA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a certain kind of tree; transpose me, and I become a useful utensil; behead me, and transpose, and I am of much use in geography; transpose again, and I become a nickname for a prominent Irish lord; behead me once more, and you see a verb in the present tense, and much used; transpose again, and I become a title of a parent; now finally behead me, and an article remains. S. H. G.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A light spear used by fishermen.
A cloth measure.
A lake.
A famous Dutch admiral.
A famous Italian general.
A large island in the Atlantic.
One of the grand divisions of the earth.
My initials and finals form the names of two States of the Union.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A river in South Carolina.
A town in Denmark.
A city in Switzerland.
A county in Illinois.
My initials and finals form the name of two rivers of Germany. Mrs. M. W.
Venango Co., Pa.

Mechanical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the power of a wheel, the teeth of which are 8 inches broad, 2 inches thick, and 4 inches long, and revolves at the velocity of 10 feet per second. JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a garden, A B C D, in the form of a trapezium; A B runs due east, B C due north, C D between the north and west, and is equal in length to half B C, and D A runs S. 36 deg. W.; the diagonal A C measures 50 *feet*, and bisects the angle C. Required the sides and area of the garden. A. M. L.
New Lisbon, O.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the chimney-stack of a large manufactory like a false alarm? Ans.—Because it ends in smoke.

☞ Why is sympathy like blind-man's buff? Ans.—It is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

☞ Why is the sun like a good loaf? Ans.—Because it's light when it rises.

☞ Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Ans.—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

☞ Why is a crow a brave bird? Ans.—Because he never shows the white feather.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Maud. ENIGMA—Amethyst. CHARADE—Louisiana, (Loo-e-sigh-Ann-na.) CHARADE—Canada, (Can-a-day.) DOUBLE REBUS—Edward Gibbon, (Egg-nogg, Delphi, Nob, Ab, Rome, Darien.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's problem, published Aug. 26th—16.3 min.

THE French "dead-head" system has reached perfection. At a recent exhibition by the Davenports in Paris, eighty free tickets were distributed. A row broke up the exhibition, and the money was returned at the door. The receipts not holding out to pay all the audience, it was found at the end of the entertainment that seventy out of eighty of the "dead-heads" had taken the ten francs return money offered at the door.